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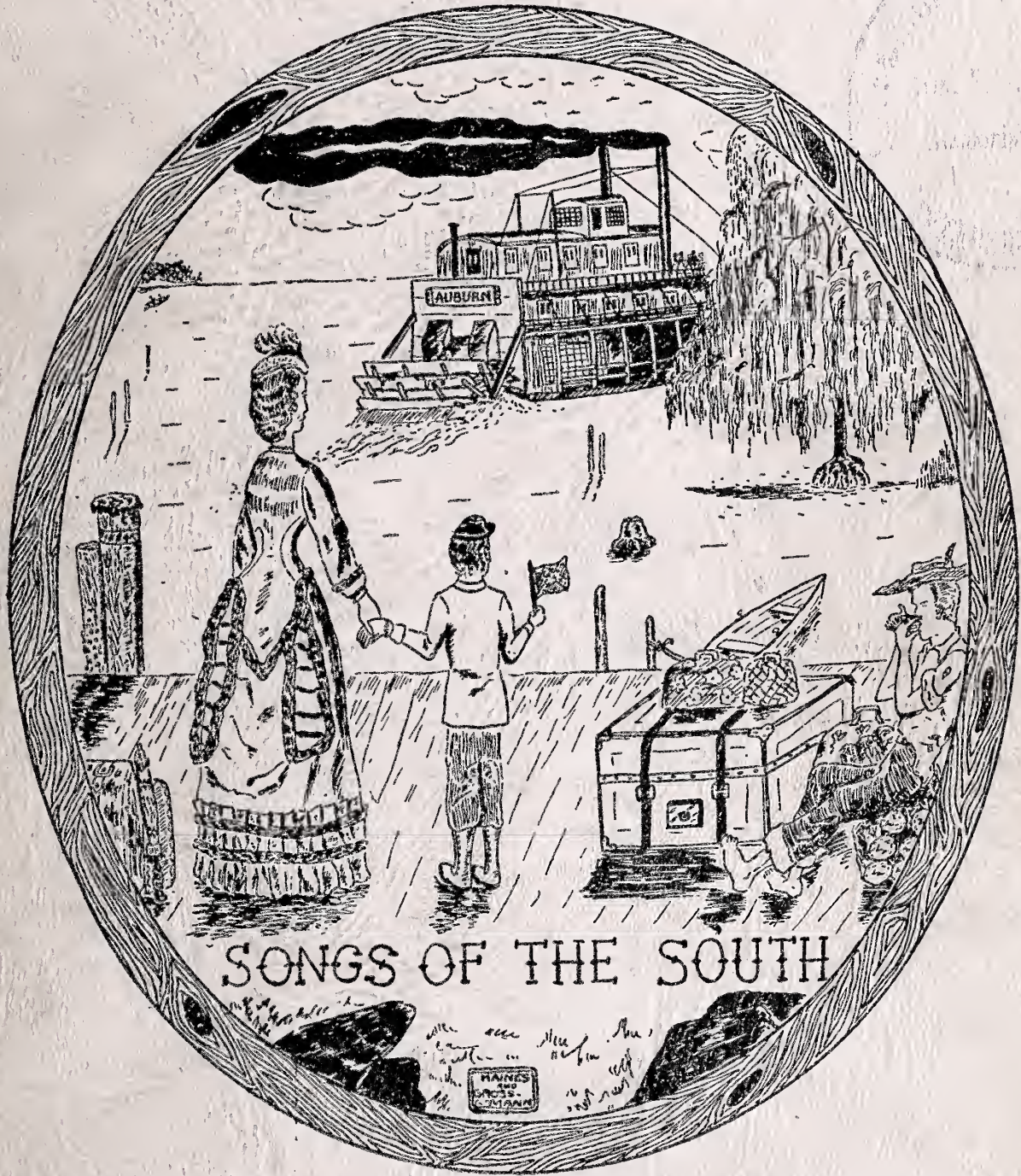
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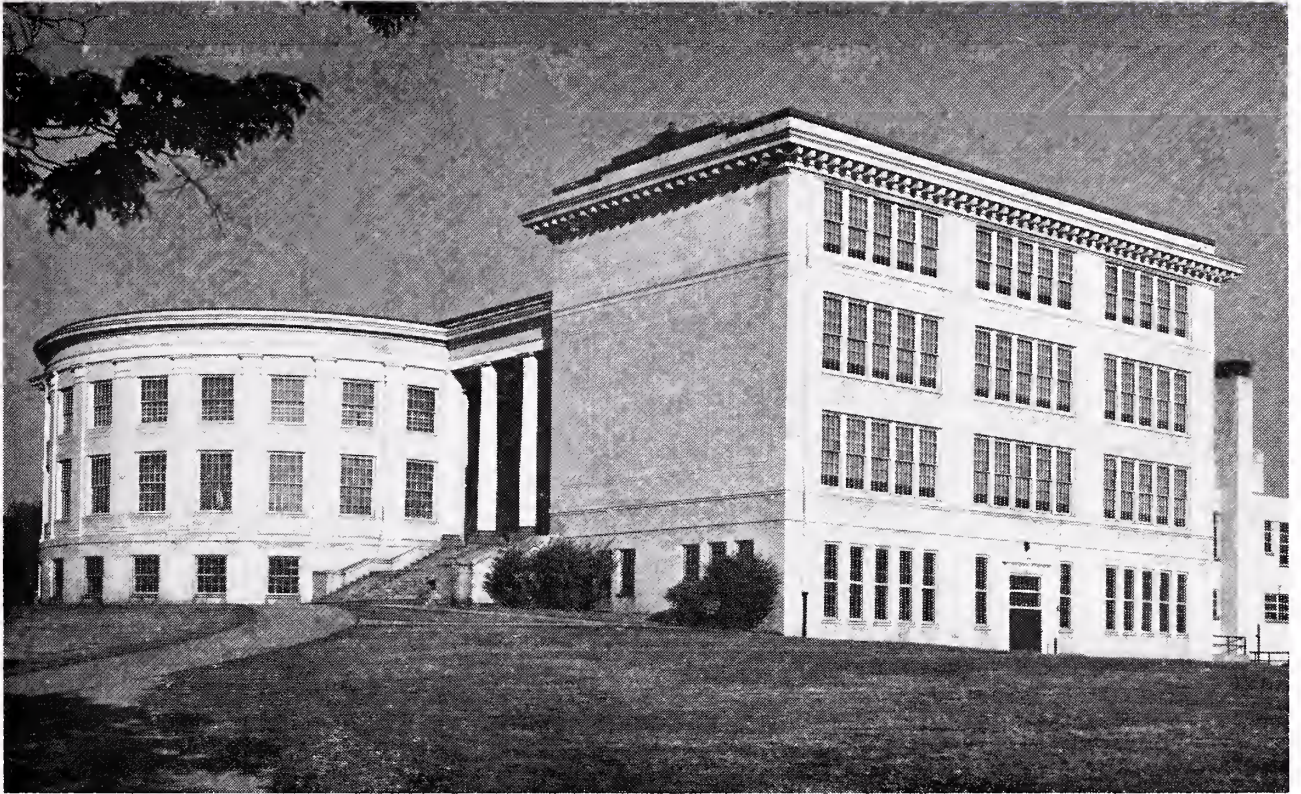
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PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL



*We, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-Four,
dedicate this issue to*

MR. H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR.

*in appreciation of his untiring service to the students and to
The Missile of Petersburg High School.*



THE MISSILE

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XXXII — No. 1

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

MAY — 1954

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* * *

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Upward

By SKIPPY RICHARDS

*The young birds perched upon a bough
For their first solo flight
Some shy, some bold, some jet-propelled,
Some graceful, sure, and light.*

*Some buds upon another bough
Looked up into the sun,
And burst in full and fragrant bloom
Before the day was done.*

*The eager and ambitious youths,
The class of fifty-four,
With just one tender, backward glance,
Pass through the open door.*



Petersburg High School

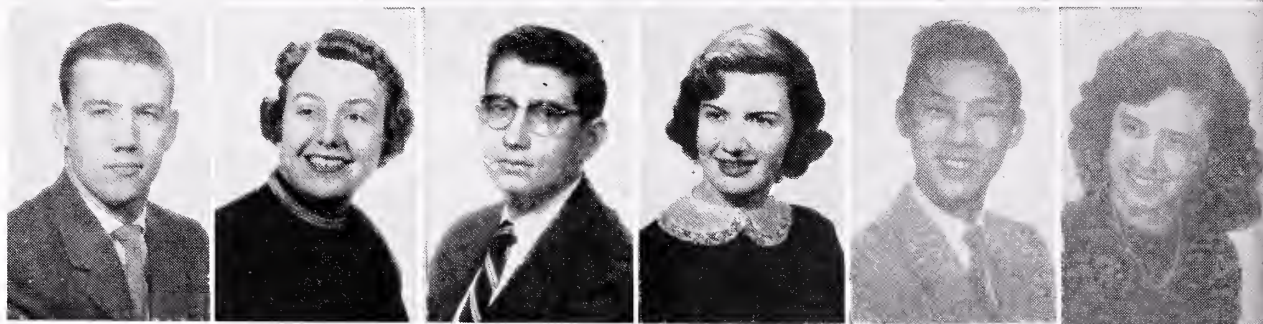
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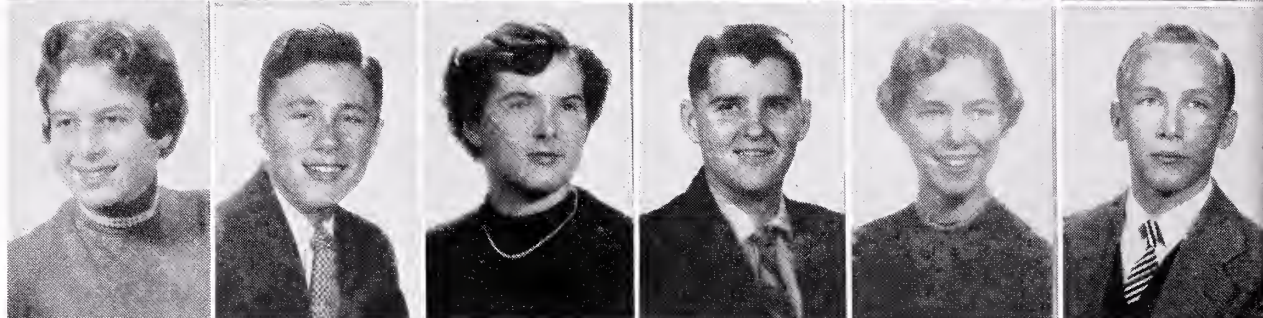
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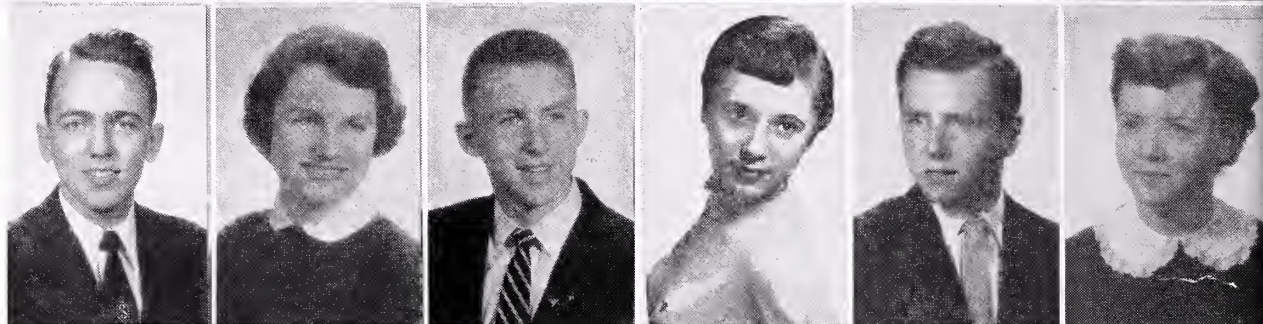
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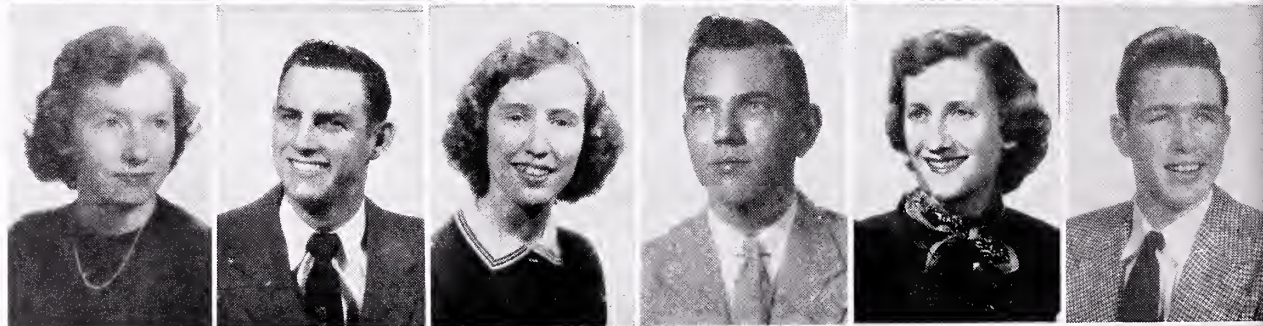
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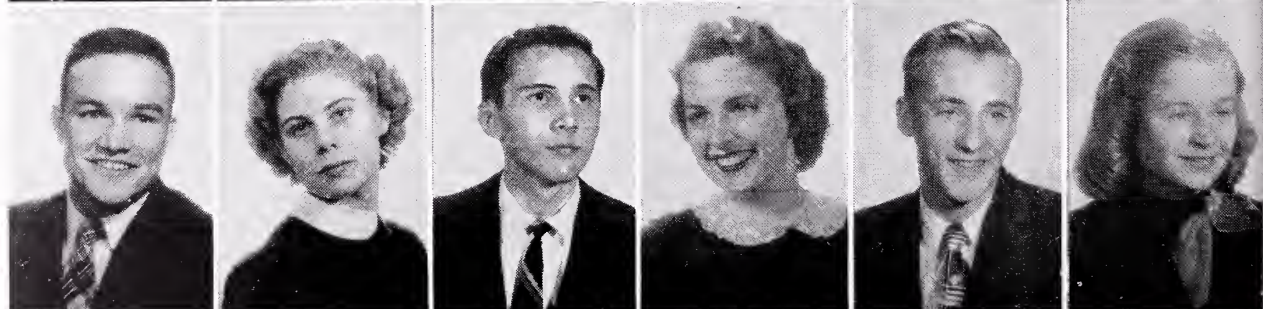
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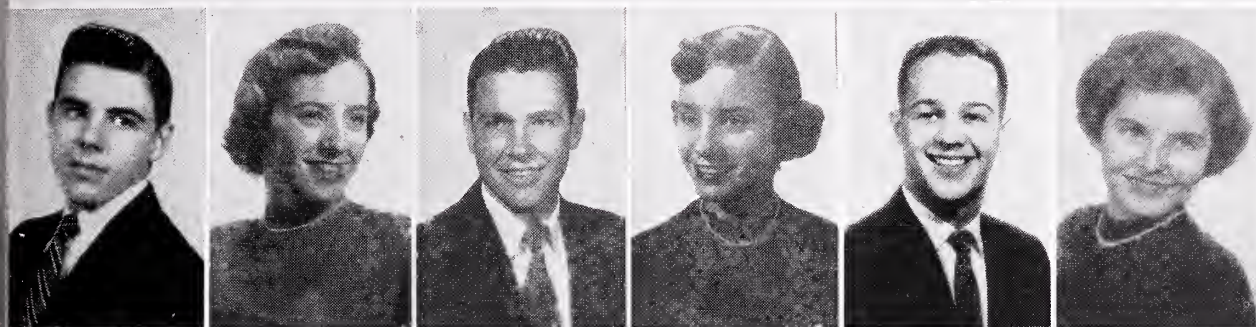


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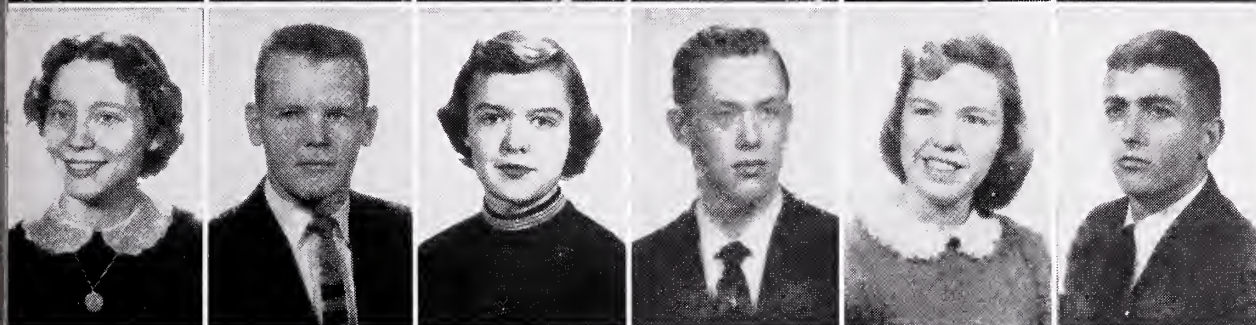


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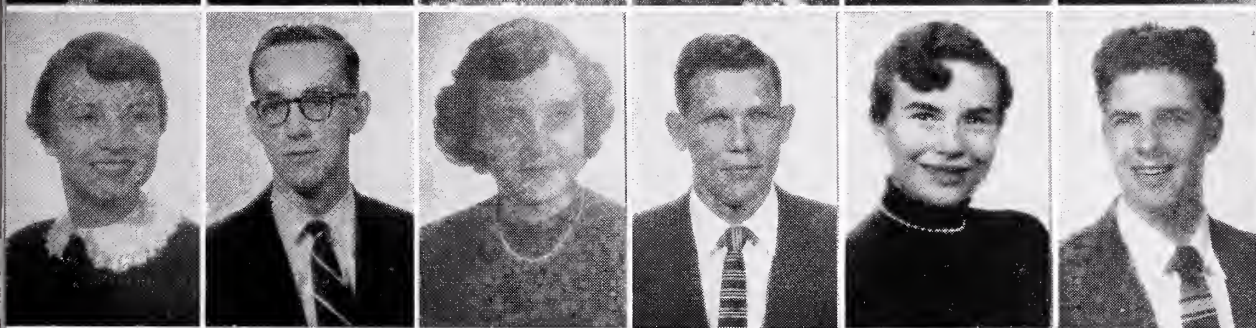
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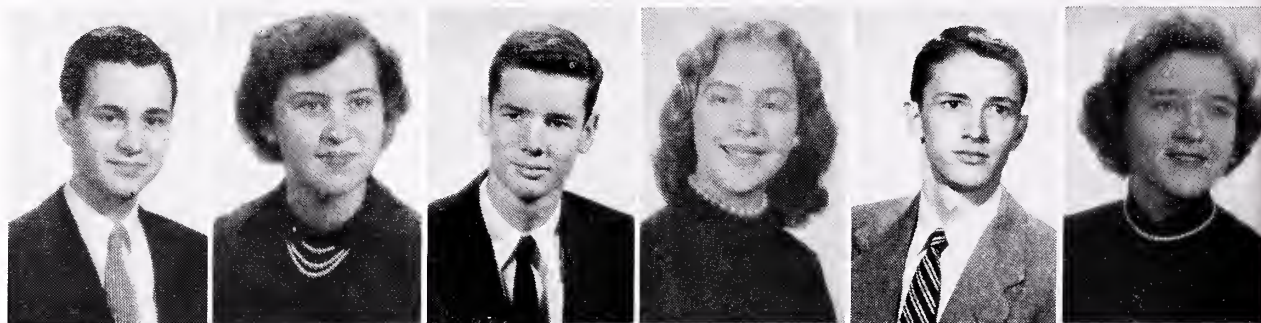


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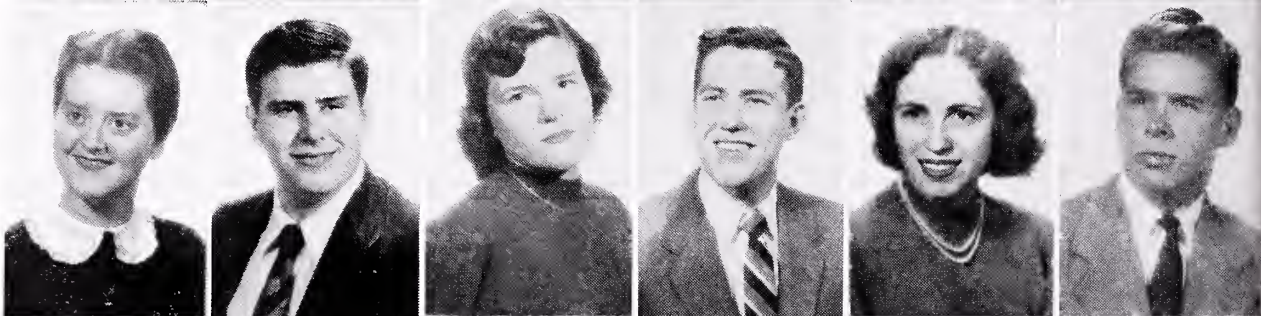
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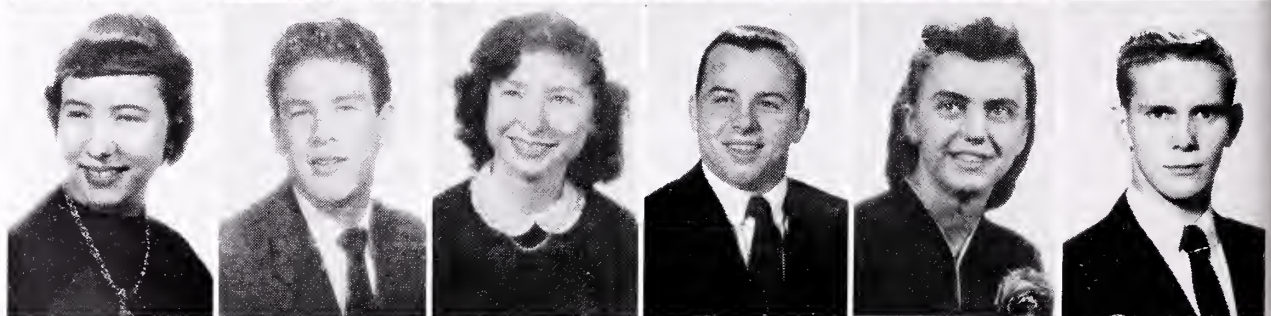
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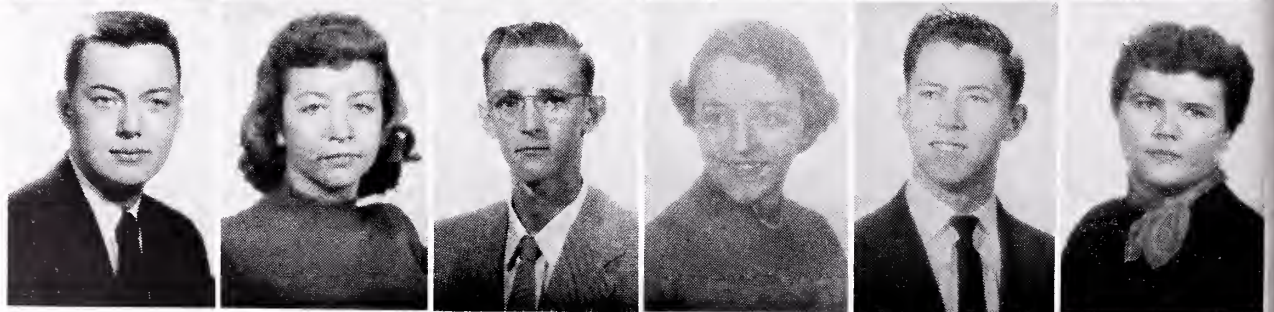
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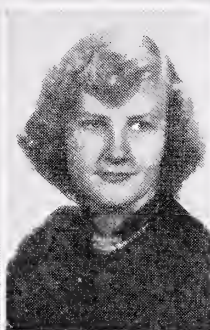


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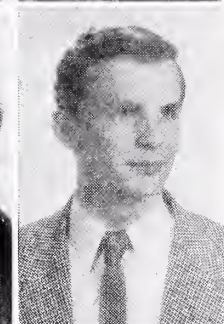
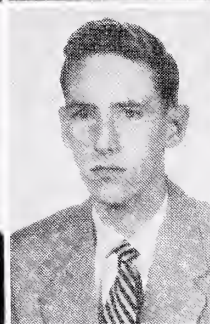
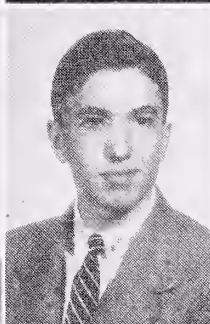


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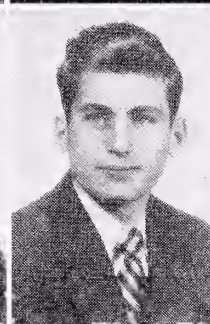
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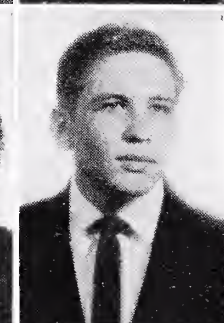
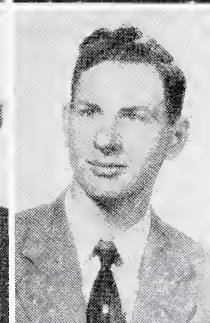
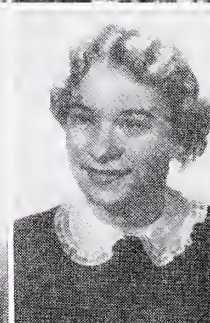
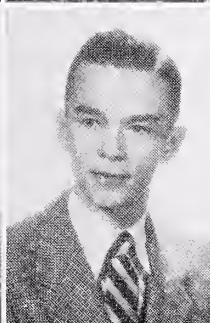
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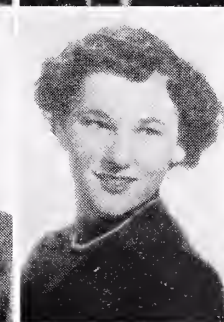
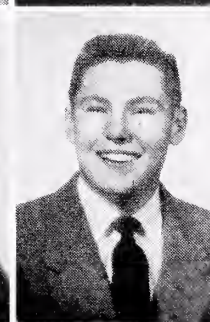
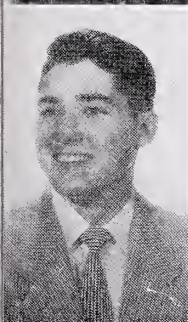
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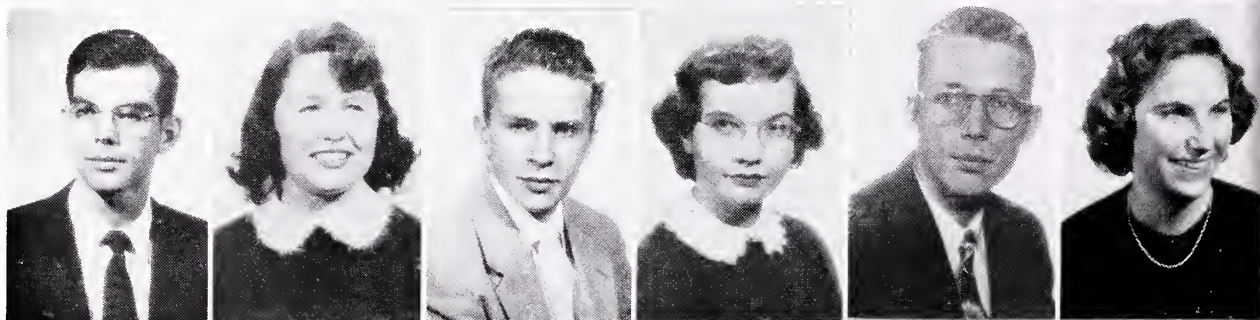


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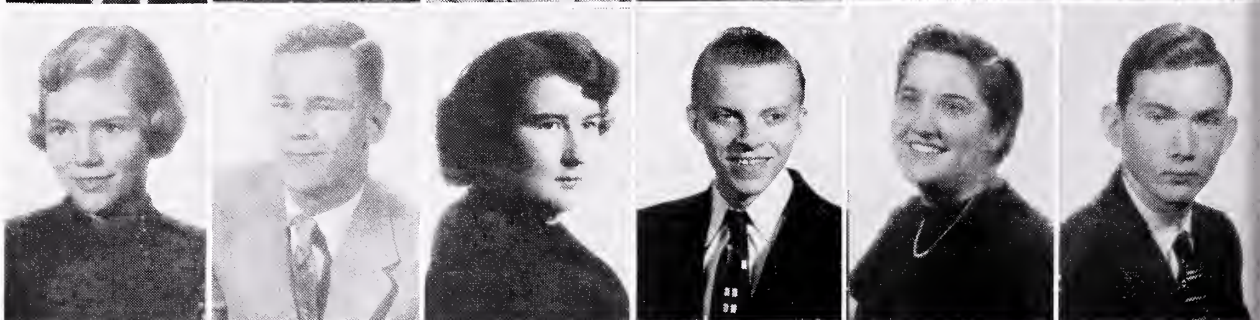
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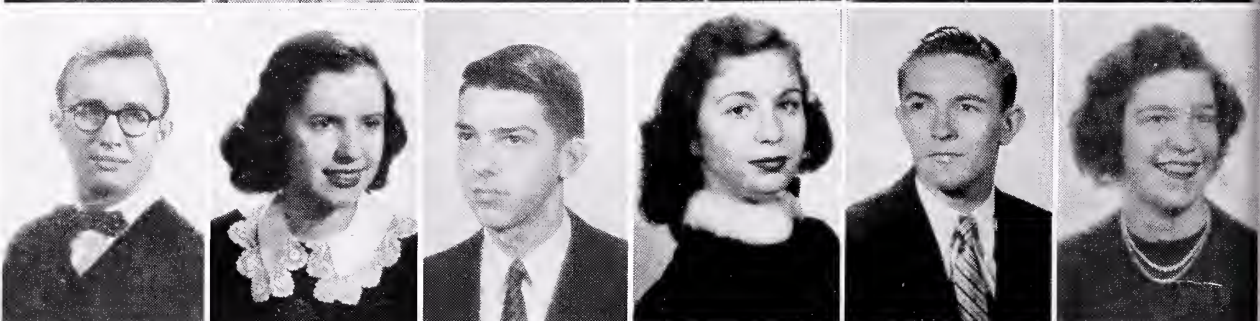
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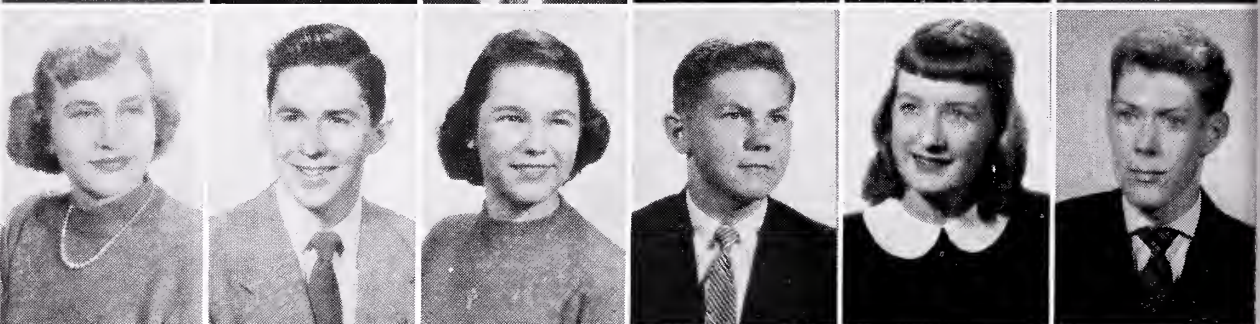
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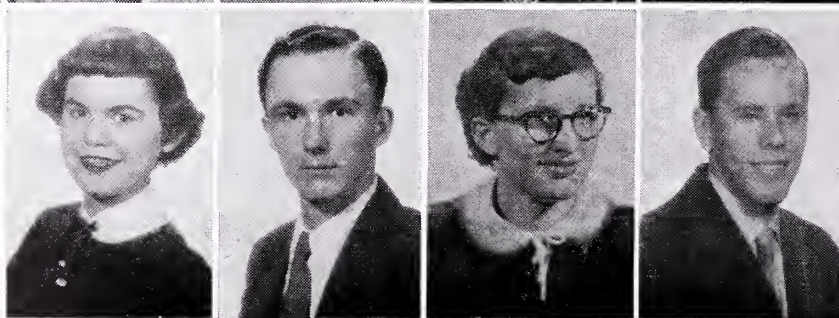
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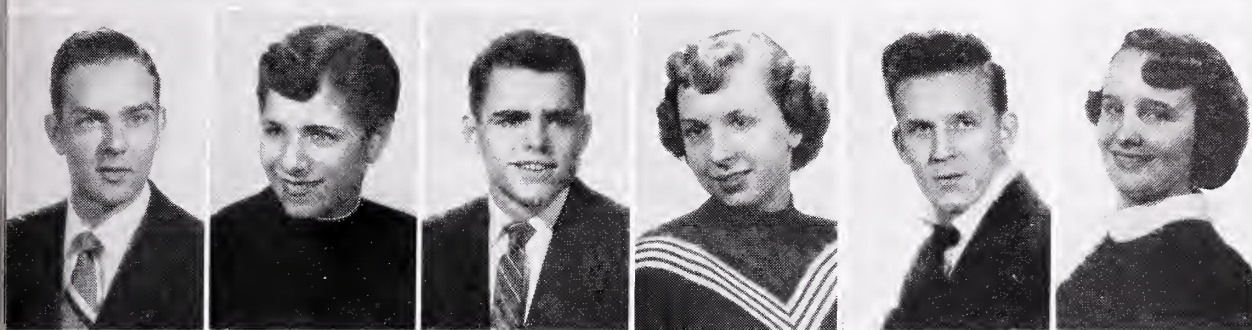


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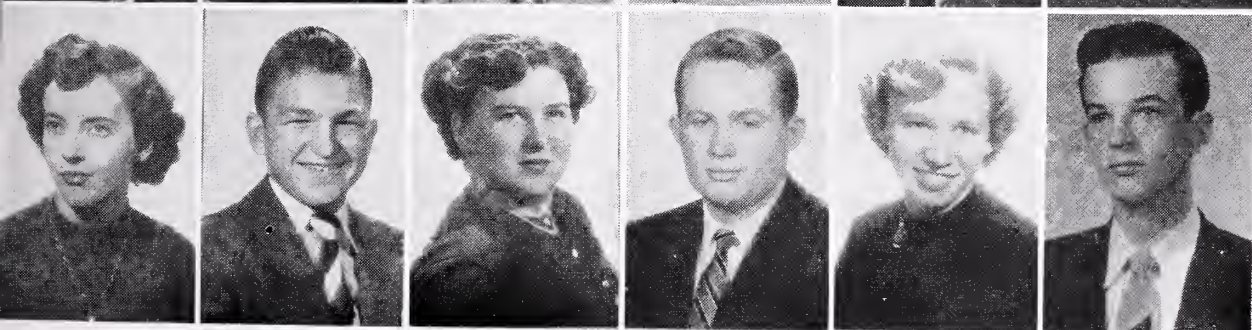
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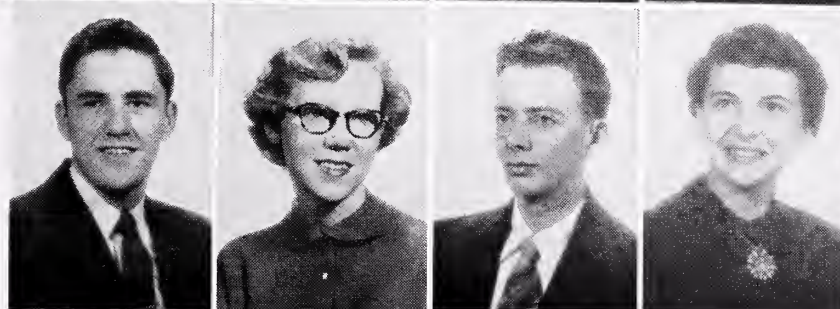
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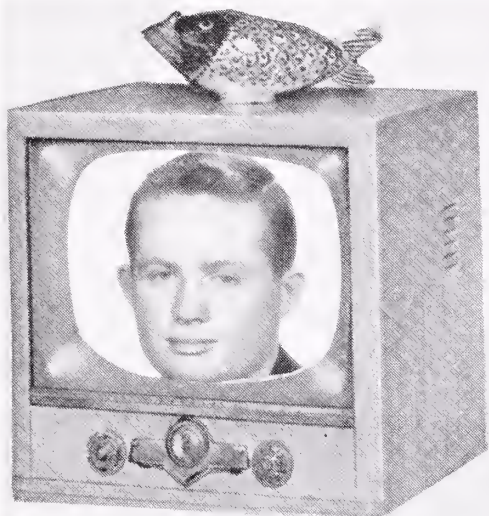
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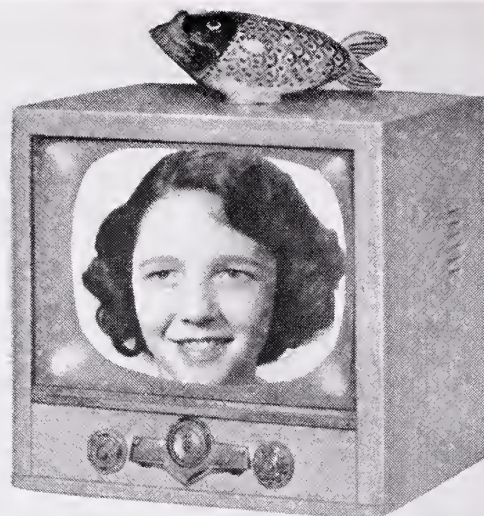
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Winston Epps Leath
Mildred Louise Thomas
Gerald Barrett Nobles



Domenico Novelli
Jennie Lon Bell
William Douglas Temple
Jo Ann McMurtrey



Best Boy Athlete
Winston Leath



Best Girl Athlete
Jean Parish



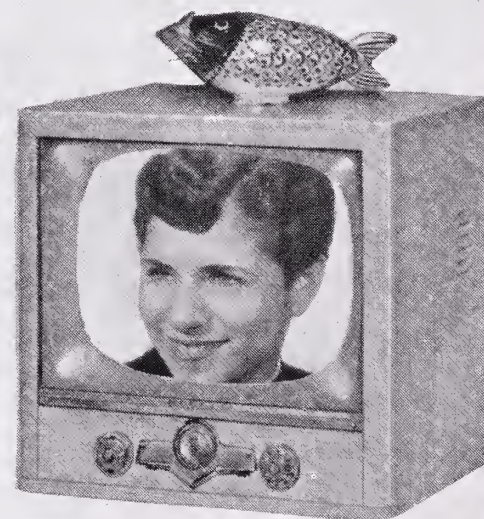
Biggest Boy Flirt
Bobby Haraway



Biggest Girl Flirt
Delores Lyons



Craziest Boy
Bobby Walker



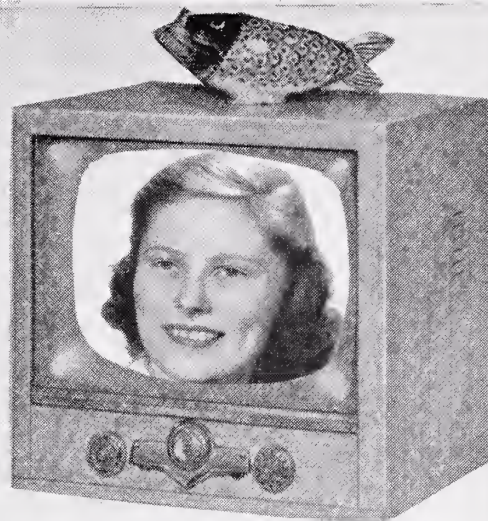
Craziest Girl
Beverly Rosenbaum

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Janet Congdon

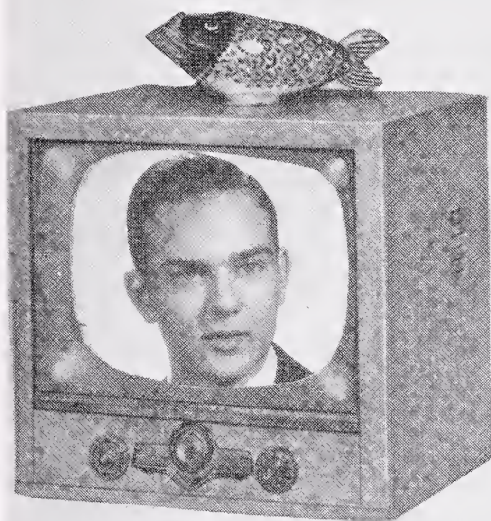


Best All-Around Boy
Billy Engles

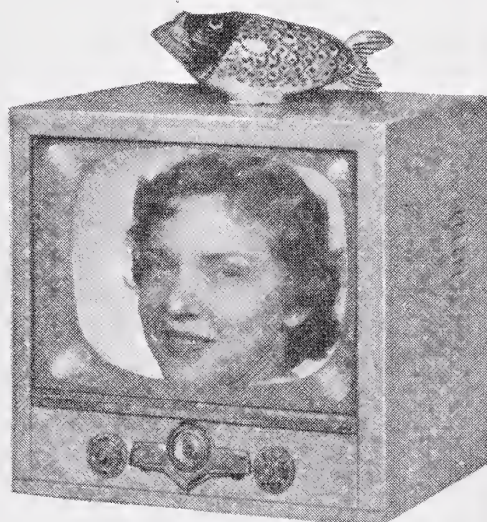


Best All-Around Girl
Joyce Bailey

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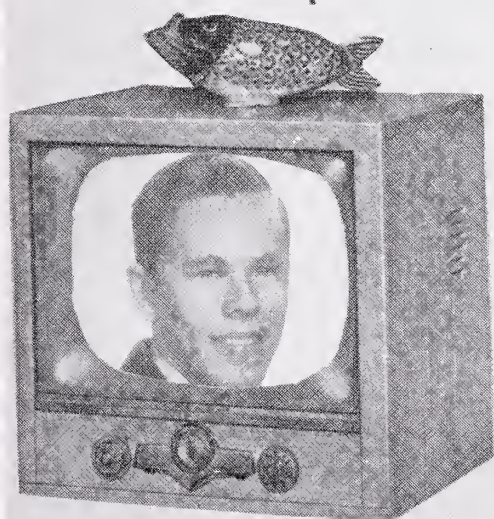


Best Looking Boy
Donnie Tipton

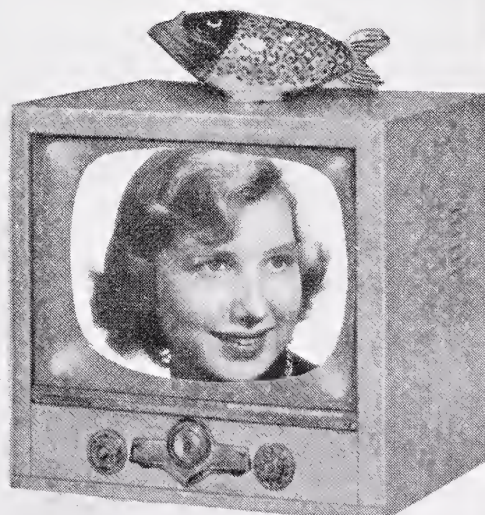


Best Looking Girl
Shirley Brooks

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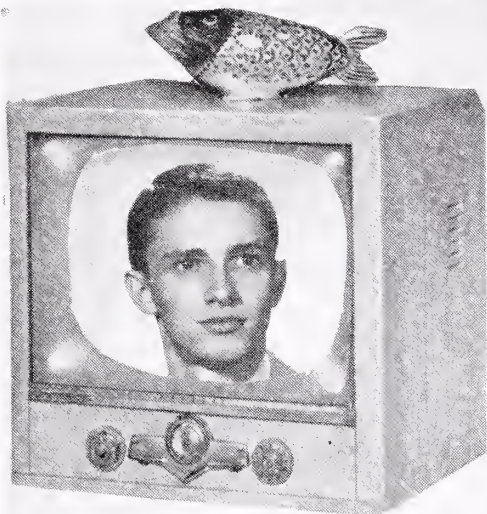
Brainiest Boy
Walter Grutchfield



Brainiest Girl
Frances Magee

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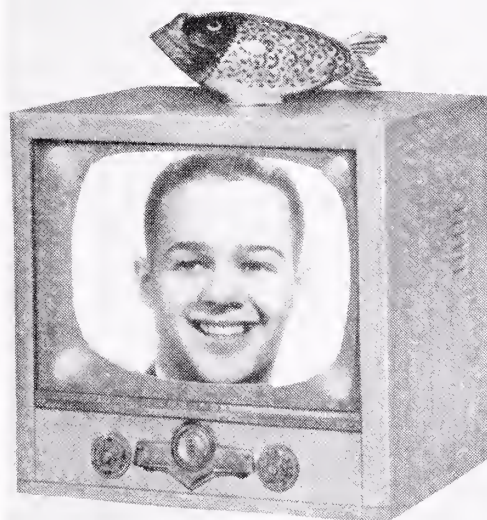
Janet
Coughlan



Best All-Around Boy
Tucker Ramsey



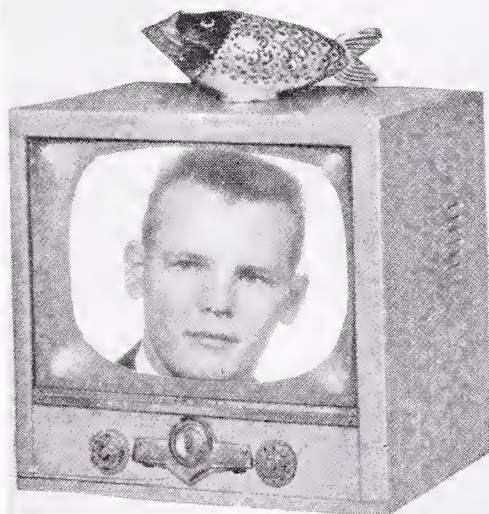
Best All-Around Girl
Joanne Bortz



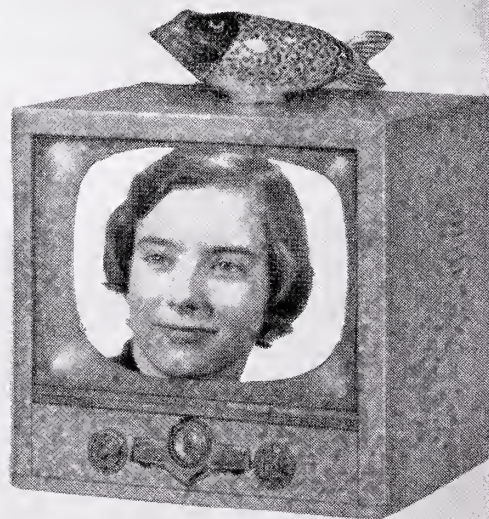
Best Looking Boy
Arlick Brockwell



Best Looking Girl
Nell Roper



Brainiest Boy
Bobby Duncan



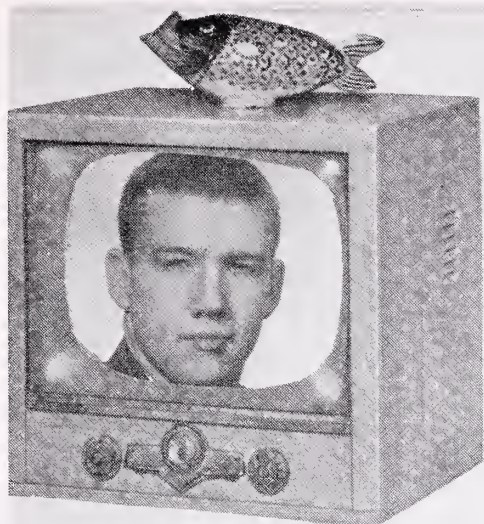
Brainiest Girl
Elizabeth Bowen

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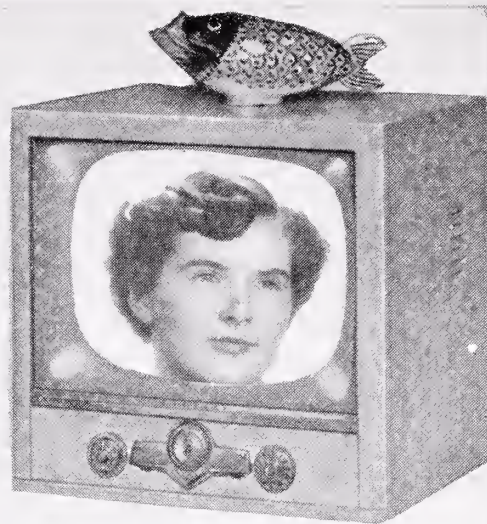
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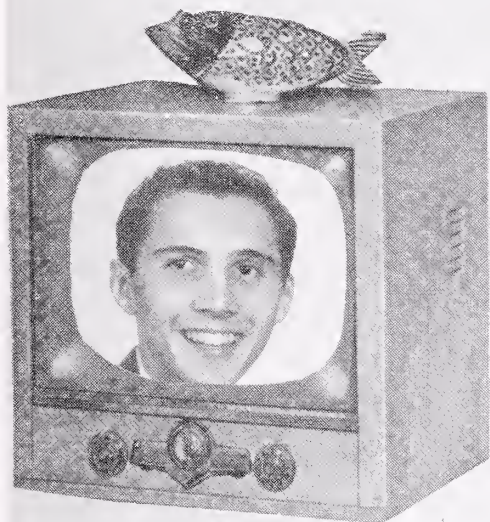


Best Boy Athlete
Skitchy Rudy

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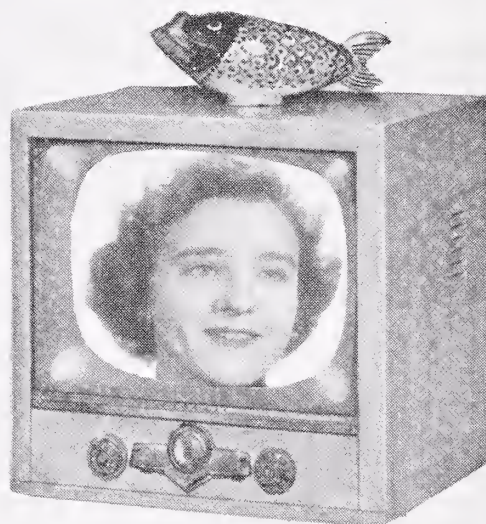


Best Girl Athlete
Joan Beach



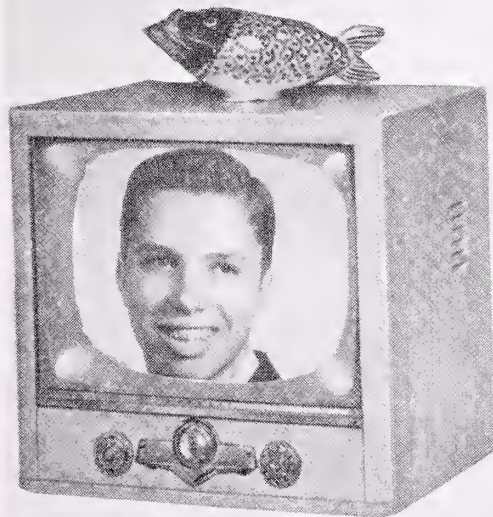
Biggest Boy Flirt
Terry Collett

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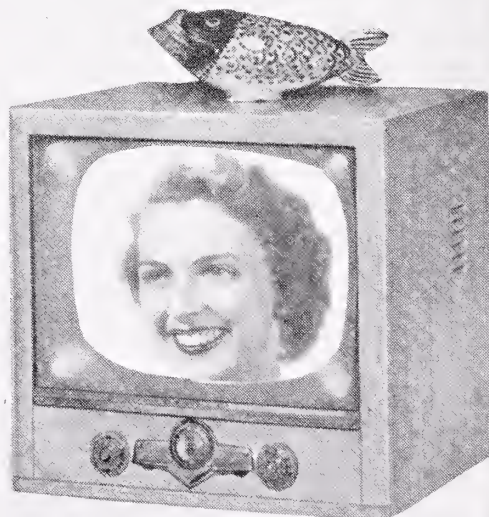


Biggest Girl Flirt
Margaret Hunter

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Craziest Boy
Barry Spero



Craziest Girl
Pat Kvasnicka

Janet Cengden



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Drum Major

Gerald Nobles

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Tom Anderson
 Spencer Perkins
 Ralph Rowlett
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Tympani

Marshall Hughes

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 Kaye Kigby
 Anne Gatling
 Joan Wright
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Vice-President Elizabeth Bowen
Secretary-Treasurer Marlene Braver
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 Eddie Blacker
 Arline Riley
 Carol Lavenstein
 Lola Faison
 Dorothy Anderson
 Sherry Rose
 Carol Torrence
 Jeannette Ford
 Jimmy Challender
 Emily Greever
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 Evelyn Wyatt
 Kay Dunnivant
 Donald Struminger
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Mrs. Pauline Robertson



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Second Row

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 Scotty Steel
 Betsy Hargrave
 Betsy Goodman
 Laura Yates

Third Row

Gerry Andrews
 Ann Pope

Fourth Row

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 Kay Scoggin
 Bennie Mollock
 Margaret Hunter
 Betty Lou Ramsey

Fifth Row

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 Mary Wright
 Phyllis Tatum
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 Kathryn Sherman
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 Virginia Mann
 Pret Roper
 Nell Roper
 Peggy Capehart
 Joanne Halloway

Third Row

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 Barbara Mayfield
 Elizabeth Bowen

Fourth Row

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 Carol Lavenstein
 Hope Bulay
 Arline Riley
 Beverly Rosenbaum
 Barbara Richardson
 Joan Wright
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 Sue Moody
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 Dolores Landon
 Kay Powell
 Miss Warner

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 Betty Bulifant
 Sylvia Osmundson
 Pat Burton
 Elsie Brownlee
 Joyce Robertson
 Betty Bickham
 Faye Davis
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 Gregory Underwood

Second Row
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 Nancy Gill
 Norman Wong

Third Row
 Hugh Moore
 Mr. Lum
 Rodney Reames

Fourth Row
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 Joe Watson
 Billy Hobeck

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 Jimmy Tench
 Ralph Rowlett
 Billy Clements
 Gerald Nobles
 Betsy Bruner
 Joan Beach



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 Russell Early
 Ira Lee Andrews
 David McCants

Second Row

Nancy Gill
 John Haines
 Buddy Leasure

Third Row

Marilyn Ende
 Dabney Short

Fourth Row

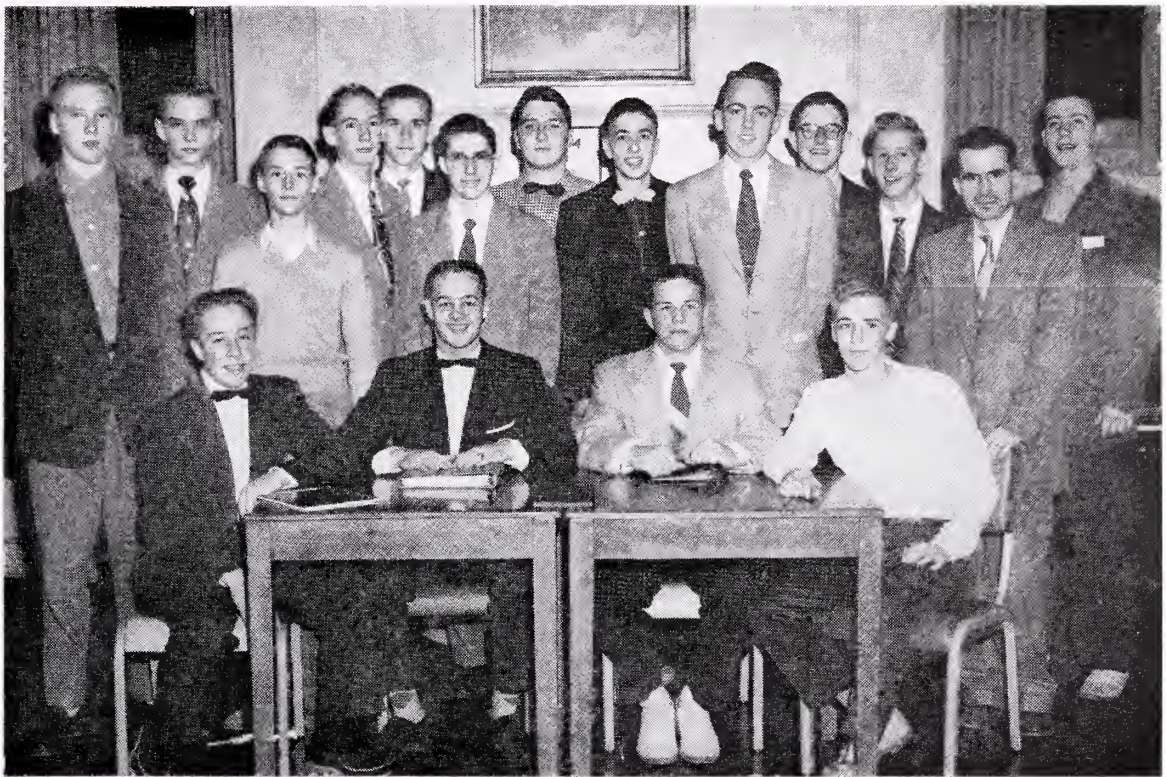
Alfred Knight
 Arlick Brockwell
 Eileen Dorsk
 Jimmy Challenger

Fifth Row

Carol Lavenstein
 Barbara Mayfield
 Donald Struminger

Sixth Row

Mr. Betts
 Bill Horton
 Robert Badgett
 Eddie Blacker



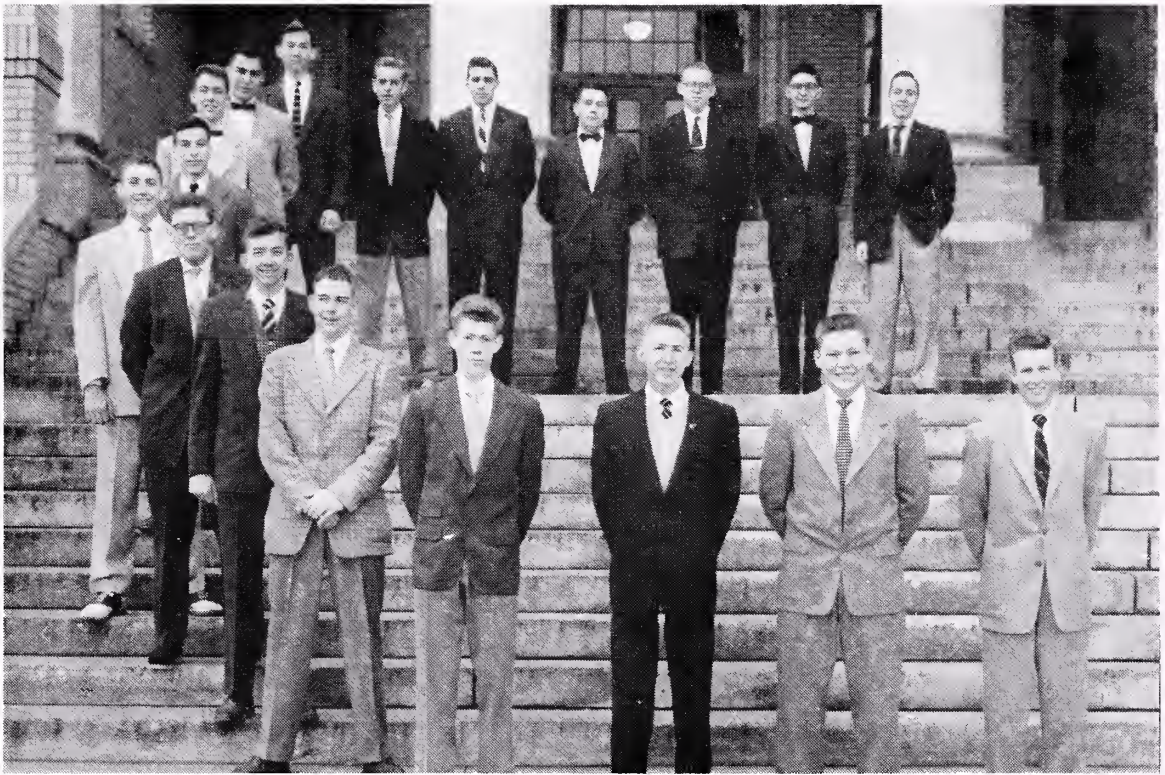
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 Arlick Brockwell
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 Tommy Hinkle
 Gregory Underwood
 Bobby Corter
 Sidney Sutherland
 Bobby Hutto
 Mr. Andrews
 Oliver Rudy

Third Row
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 Robert Badgett
 Marvin Boswell
 Jim Adler
 Jack Evans



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| <i>Treasurer</i> | Bill Hobeck |
| <i>Chaplain</i> | Tom Anderson |
| <i>Advisor</i> | Mr. David Lowry |

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 Dabney Short
 Bill Grossmann
 Bill Hobeck
 Tom Anderson
 Howard Sherman
 Hugh Moore
 Fred Swearingen
 Bart Roper
 David Crittenden
 Alfred Krause
 Henry McGill
 Walter Eley
 Bobby Massey
 William Roberson
 Speneer Perkins
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 John Haines



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Advisor Miss Katherine Warner

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 Carole Ann Torrence
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Second Row
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 Annette Bailey
 Dottie Coulter
 Nancy Gailey

Third Row
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 Ann Wheeler
 Nancy Dobson
 Janet Congdon

Fourth Row
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 Miss Warner
 Frances Stone
 Jean Kitchen



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Treasurer Betty Lou Ramsey
Chaplain Faye Davis
Advisor Miss Doris Ramsey

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| Evelyn Wyatt | Ann Ozmore |
| Elsie Brownlee | Joan Walker |
| Margaret Hunter | Leilani Johnson |
| Pat Bonner | Sue Moody |
| Beverly McDowell | Betty Lou Cole |
| Jeanette Ford | Dolores Landon |
| Nancy Talbott | Jeanne Tench |
| Sally Kay Powell | Barbara Richardson |
| Pat Vaiden | |

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 Pat Kvasnicka
 Pattie Patram
 Peggy Lou Wilburn
 Betty Lou Ramsey



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Vice-President Betty Stanton
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 Nell Roper

Second Row
 Betty Stanton
 Dottie Gill

Third Row
 Susan Elliot
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 Marlene Braver
 Skippy Richards

Fourth Row
 Scotty Steele
 Jill Hesse
 Martha Lee Williams
 Barbara Short

Fifth Row
 Betsy Hargrave
 Ann Pope
 Irving Lewis
 Phyllis Tatum
 Mrs. W. M. Lewis

Sixth Row
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 Virginia Mann
 Kay Scoggin
 Yvonne Voshall

Seventh Row
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 Betsy Goodman
 Sarah Jane Sheppard
 Janet Garrison
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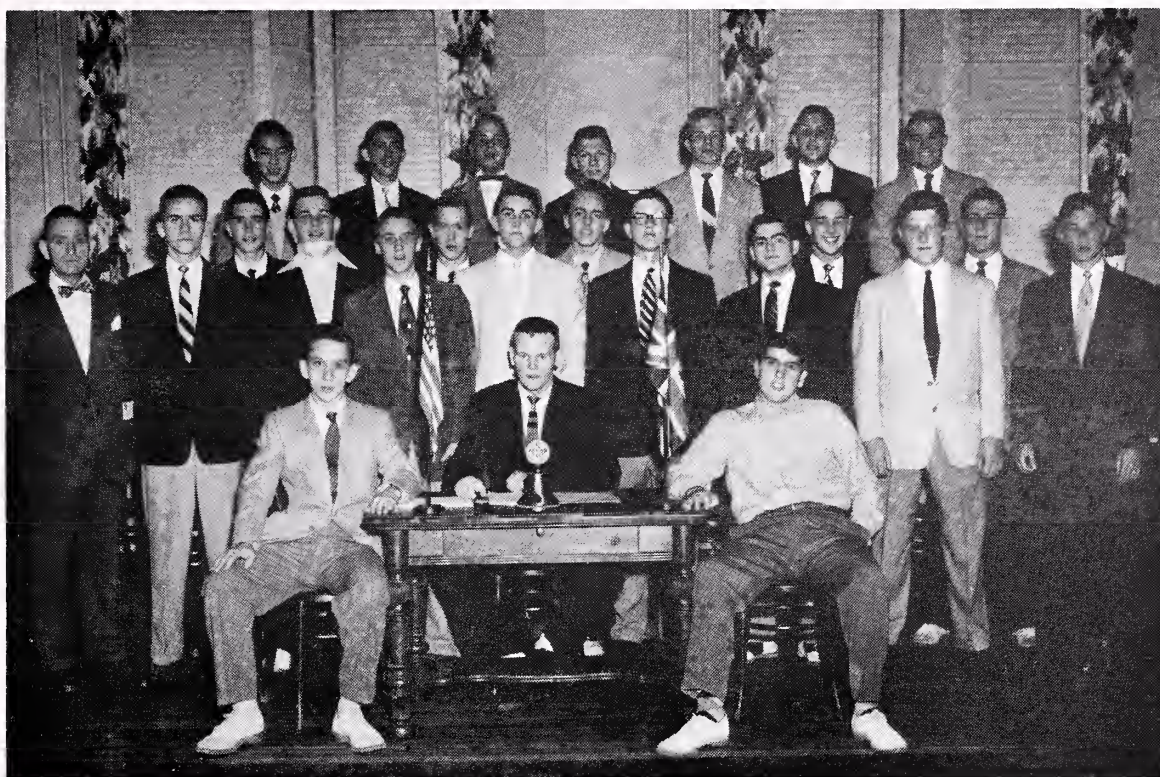
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| <i>Vice-President</i> | Alease Palmore |
| <i>Secretary</i> | Charlotte Slate |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | Mary Ann West |
| <i>Chaplain</i> | Cora Willis |
| <i>Advisor</i> | Mrs. Mildred Sadler |

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Claudette Spencer
Alease Palmore
Cora Willis

Second Row

Shirley Campbell
Ann Evans
Barbara Warriner
Jean Sheffield
Betty Sadler
Charlotte Davis
Susie Laffoon
Shirley Tyner
Betty Lou Addison
Charlotte Bryant



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Vice-President Ira Andrews
Secretary Russell Early
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Advisor Mr. Joe Halloway

Seated

Howard Redford
 Bobby Duncan
 Russell Early

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Mr. Halloway
 Marvin Boswell
 Nick Ruffin
 Randolph Hinkle
 Fred Swearingen
 Jack Evans
 Landon Smith
 Hamilton Evans
 David McCants

Second Row

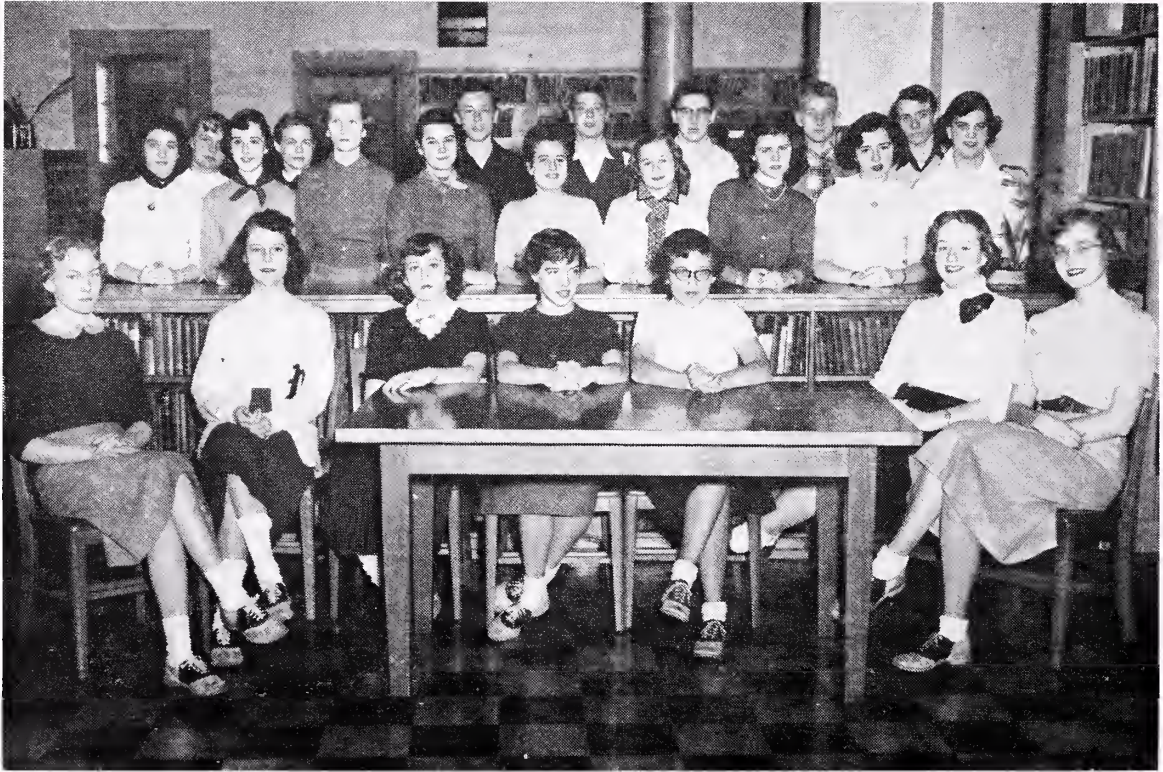
Marvin Hogue
 Ronald Kirkland
 Sidney Sutherland
 Arlick Brockwell
 Oliver Rudy

Third Row

Norman Wong
 Louis Johnson
 Bernard Bortz
 Albert Cheely
 John Francis
 Ben Levy
 David Young

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Ira Andrews
 Bobby Laney



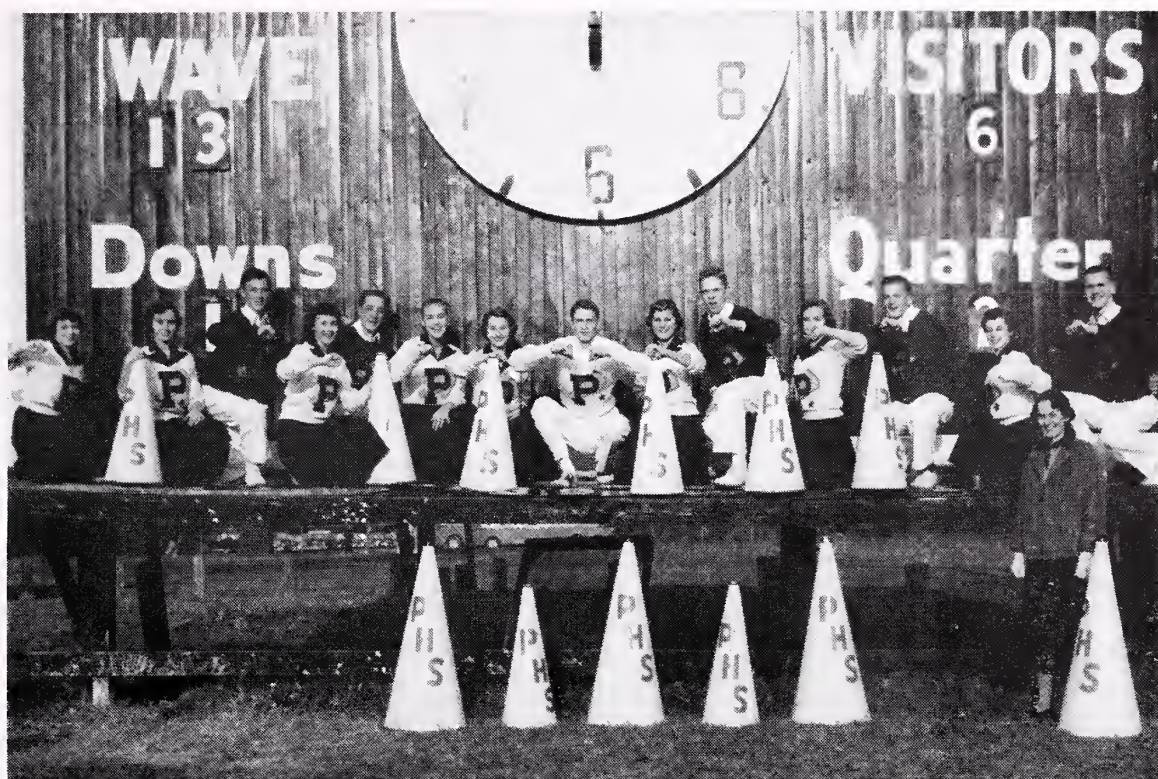
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 Mildred Moore
 Nancy Gailey
 Jane Cone

Second Row
 Nancy Collins
 Susan Elliot
 Martha Moody
 Nancy Gill
 Marlene Braver
 Teresa Barreto
 Judy Powell
 Barbara Jones
 Ann Evans

Third Row
 Elma Mackey
 Mrs. Spencer
 David McCants
 Claiborne Nemecek
 Gregory Underwood
 Donald Moore
 Pat Jarvis



VARSITY CHEERLEADERS

Head Cheerleader Tucker Ramsey
 Advisor Miss Mary Bailey

First Row Standing
 Miss Bailey

Second Row
 Betsy Goodman
 Pret Roper
 David McCants
 Betsy Hargrave
 Dan Moore
 Nancy Fowler
 Dottie Gill
 Tucker Ramsey
 Jill Hesse
 Donald Show
 Nell Roper
 Carthon Currin
 Barbara Richardson
 Marvin Boswell



J. V. CHEERLEADERS

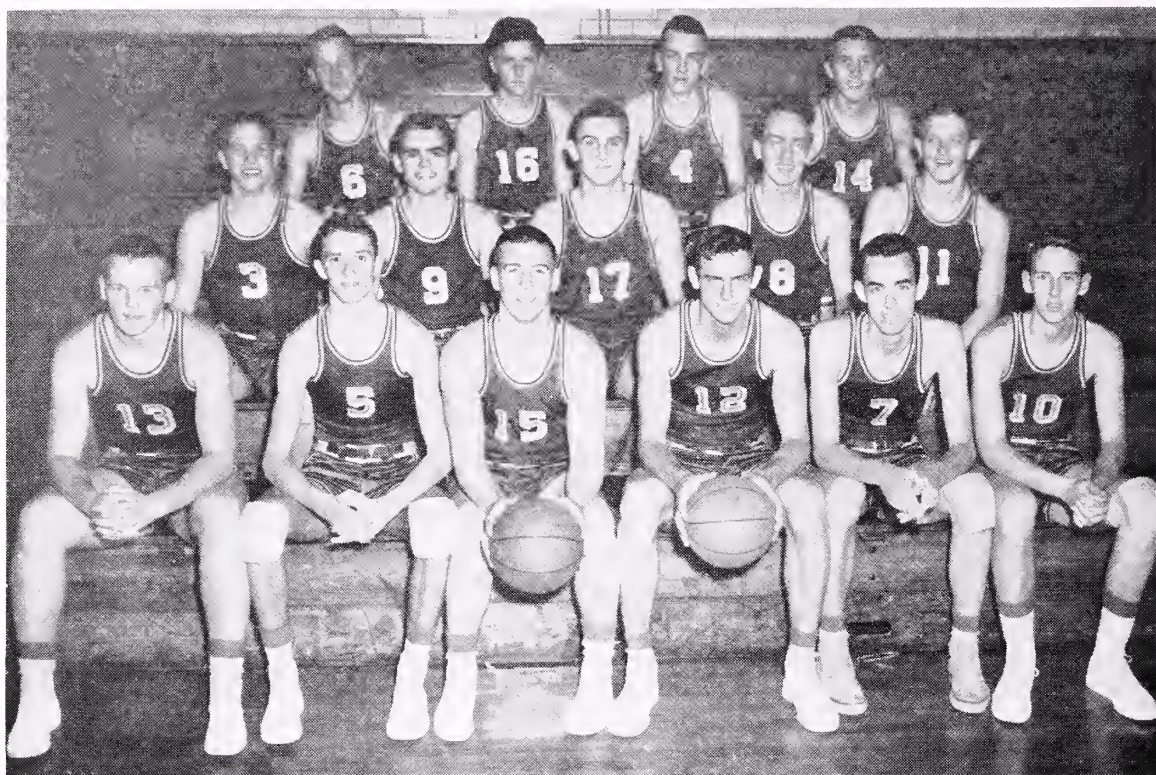
Head Cheer Leader Susan Elliot
 Advisor Miss Mary Bailey

V from left to right

Irving Lewis
 Scotty Steel
 Ann Pope
 Susan Elliot
 Mollie McDonald
 Laura Yates
 Dottie Coulter

Middle of V

Miss Mary Bailey



BASKETBALL TEAM

Co-Captains Curt Adkins, Oliver Rudy

Managers Tommy Zix, Ben Levy

Coach Mr. Bob Kilbourne

First Row

Bobby Duncan
Tucker Ramsey
Oliver Rudy
Curt Adkins
Jay Patterson
Bobby Hatchett

Second Row

John Francis
Landon Smith
Fred Swearingen
Sidney Sutherland
Jack Evans

Third Row

Tommy Marek
Harvey Baxter
Maynard Moore
Terry Collett



BASEBALL TEAM

Captain Bobby Duncan
Managers Fred Brockwell, Jimmy Stewart
Coach Mr. Randolph Mallory

| <i>First Row</i> | <i>Second Row</i> | <i>Third Row</i> |
|-------------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| Bobby Hatchett | Ronald Pond | Coach Randy Mallory |
| Claiborne Leonard | Jimmie Talbott | Nick Ruffin |
| Wiley Underhill | Marshall Hughes | Elliot Elder |
| Bobby Duncan | Harvey Baxter | Frank Addison |
| Donald Pond | Merline O'Neil | Edward Burton |
| Fred Swearingen | Butch Redford | Pat Porter |
| Bobby Leonard | Bobby Massey | Ed Webb |



HOCKEY SQUAD

Co-Captains Joan Beach, Jean Parrish
Manager Johnnie Mae Goins
Coach Miss Ann VanLandingham

First Row

Jean Parrish
 Joan Beach

Second Row

Miss VanLandingham
 Johnnie Mae Goins
 Katherine Paxton
 Elizabeth Bowen
 Nancy Gill
 Barbara Mayfield
 Barbara Leete
 Helen Harlow
 Becky Fly
 Annette Bailey
 June Walker
 Lola Faison



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Co-Captain Joan Beach
Co-Captain Elizabeth Bowen
Co-Manager Lola Faison
Co-Manager Dot Tinney
Coach Miss Ann VanLandingham

First Row
 Kay Powell
 Betty Harvey
 Elizabeth Bowen
 Joan Beach
 Nancy Talbott
 Annette Bailey

Second Row
 Sonja Williams
 Kaye Rigby
 Shelby Temple
 Joan Pecht
 Julia Hogwood
 Rose Addison

Third Row
 Betty Gray
 Barbara Spaight
 Mary Sue Holland
 Barbara Inge
 Helen Harlow

Fourth Row
 Lola Faison
 Barbara Mayfield
 Dot Tinney
 Miss VanLandingham

Autographs . . .

Autographs . . .

Autographs . . .

“Songs of the South”



PROLOGUE...

By NELL ROPER

FROM the cotton fields of the deep south, past the Suwanee River beyond the "trail of the lonesome pine", the American way of living has brought forth our immortal "Songs of the South."

We shall begin the interpretation of our theme with folk ballads. Since it was difficult for the pioneers to provide the bare necessities of life for their families, as a consequence, stories of pathos and toil as well as those of pleasure were related in the form of song.

Among the most appealing southern songs are the folk hymns of the Negro slaves. These hymns we call Negro Spirituals. From the days of slavery when Negroes first were converted to Christianity, they exhibited in their songs of religion grief of exile from their native country and comfort in their new faith. Having been placed on beautiful plantations throughout the south, they worked as slaves all day in the fields. While working in the heat of the sun, they would sing about their duties. In the cool of the evening, songs of pleasure and relaxation could often be heard into the night.

The Civil War, like other great wars, produced its own songs to inspire the boys in grey as well as the people. We dare say that there are few of us who can refrain from patting a foot when the strains of "Dixie" fill the air.

Now we come to Dixieland Jazz, considered by many the South's most outstanding contribution to Modern American Music. There are those who think of jazz as current popular melodies. In reality, it is a distinctive type of syncopated music and quite different from "swing" and "boogie woogie." Negroes drumming off-beat rhythmic patterns around a musical theme, created this unusual arrangement of music which has become increasingly popular throughout the twentieth century.

Now that we have a brief conception as to the origin of southern songs, let's venture into the world of music and explore the interesting stories and facts behind the great "Songs of the South."



Folk Ballads

FOLK BALLADS OF THE SOUTH are of the literary and musical world. They are divided into two main divisions, modern and traditional.

Among the modern ballads, one may find many favorites such as "Casey Jones" and the "Old Chizzum Trail." The great old traditional ballads of the south, such as "The Wife of Usher's Well" and "Bonny Barbara Allen", provide entertainment for old and young alike in as much as the stories behind these great ballads are extremely interesting!

Modern Ballads

By EDDIE BLACKER

THE modern ballad is quite different from the traditional ballad in that it usually has a known author, and it hardly ever is passed on by word of mouth. Rather it is passed on by some of the world's latest inventions, such as the radio, record player, and television. In content, however, the modern ballad is essentially the same as the traditional ballad. It tells a story and it has the same meter as the traditional ballad.

Some people might argue that the songs that we call ballads today are not ballads at all, since they violate one of the cardinal rules by not having an author. However, most people accept the songs that are introduced as ballads.

Some of the songs that we hear so often, that we might never think are ballads are just that. One famous ballad of a couple of years ago is "Tennessee Waltz". That song quickly made a fortune for the author, and it is still popular, and will continue to be popular.

The big hit today, Eddie Fisher's "Oh My Papa", is proof that the ballad is still popular with the people and that with a few new twists, the old form of ballads are still popular.

Casey Jones

By BETTY HARVEY

*"Come all you rounders, if you want to hear
The story of a brave engineer.
Casey Jones was the rounder's name
On a big eight-wheeler of a mighty fame."*

EVERY SOUTHERNER knows "Casey Jones". It has been hummed on levees, in cotton fields and around railroad junctions for as long as most folks can remember.

According to legend, Casey Jones, an engineer on the old cast-iron, pin and link trains, died a hero in a train wreck between Canton, Mississippi, and Memphis, Tennessee. He threw his train off the track in order to save the lives of the people on the passenger train coming 'round the bend.

Until recently, when people have become interested, no one has ever been able to determine the origin of the "Casey Jones" ballad, and since, like most ballads and folk songs, it has no permanent author or copyright, it cannot be traced to its origin. In 1912, the mayor of Canton, Mississippi, wrote to someone publishing a ballad book, that Wallis Sanders was the author of the now popular ballad. When the publisher went to Canton to confirm the story, he found that the old darky, Sanders, was dead. However, his married daughter led them to Wallis' closest friend in the round house, Cornelius Steen.

Steen, retired after nearly forty years in the old round house at Canton, spun this yarn about the origin of "Casey Jones." Many years ago he heard the song, "Jimmie Jones" sung by a strolling street guitarist in Kansas City. He brought it back to the round house and "Wash" Sanders, who worked with him, liked it so much that he began to add verses on to it himself, and sat by the hour singing it while never repeating the same stanza. A few years later Casey, who had a regular run between Canton and Memphis and a good friend of both Sanders and Steen, was killed in the now famous wreck. Sanders then made him the hero of his song and changed the name "Jimmie Jones" to "Casey Jones." This is all that Steen could remember of it.

*"On a Sunday mornin' it begins to rain,
'Round de curve spied a passenger train.
On the pilot lay po' Casey Jones (Jimmie Jones)
He's a good ol' porter, but he's dead an' gone."*

On the other hand, Henry Trevelyan says this is the original Casey Jones he heard when he came to Canton to work on the Illinois Central. Here are two verses in which Casey is not made out to be the hero.

*"Casey Jones was a li'l' behin',
He thought prob'ly he could make up de time.
Got up in his engine, an' he walked about,
Gave three loud whistles an'-a he pulled out.*

*Right-hand side dey was a-wavin' of flags,
Wavin' of flags to save Casey's life,
Casey blowed te whistle an' he never looked back,
Never stopped a' runnin' 'til he jumped de track."*

Still another story is told about the origin of "Casey Jones." T. Lawrence Siebert and Edward Newton, walking the streets of New Orleans, heard a little colored boy singing some verses. They particularly liked the ditty and thought perhaps they could revise it and use it in their act in vaudeville. In 1909 when they found out that there was no known author, they wrote the song to their own liking and sang it around vaudeville. It was a catchy ditty and became popular fast, and it is their version that is the one most sung by people today. However, they cannot be credited with the original song.

However you hear it, or from whom, "Casey Jones" is a stirring ballad with a catchy tune and since no one knows its origin, as no one knew what caused Casey's

wreck, it will go along with Casey to his grave. But the legend of the famous wreck has brought us a ballad that will live as long as there are railroad men and as long as there are those who'll listen—

*“Headaches and heartaches and all kinds of pain.
They ain’t apart from a railroad train.
Stories of brave men, noble and grand,
Belong to the life of a railroad man.”*

Trees

By MARGARET HUNTER

*Who could this prompt dressmaker be
That never lets a season pass
Without a new frock for each tree,
Which is a nice and well dressed lass
Who leads the parade for others to see?*

*In summer the trees are bright and green
With bird nests in their leafy hair,
And stand so stately and serene,
Lifting their limbs as if in prayer,
Thanking one they have never seen.*

*In fall the tree is like a clown
Dressed in shades of red and yellow,
Never allowing the world to frown
Because he is a gay young fellow
Bringing delight to every town.*

*Winter sends snow to cover the trees,
Making them caps of snow white lace,
Also blankets to warm their knees.
Whistling, the winds sing out in bass,
“Please give a glimpse of spring to these.”*

*Then spring peeps o’er the veil of snow,
Touching each tree with a magic kiss,
Allowing the dormant buds to know
They must awake from sleep to bliss
Because they have such grace to show.*

Chain Gang Ballads

By ALFRED KNIGHT

THE SUN was hot; broiling hot. Hot enough to fry an egg — or a man's brains. Under this merciless sun, a group of some of the most wretched creatures in the world worked at exhausting labor for which they received neither pay nor praise. Such was the chain gang.

Yet these men, who had so little to sing about, produced some of the South's most rhythmical songs and ballads. They were not soft, melodious ballads, but the plaintive, emotional ballads of men without hope. Many of these men died of sunstroke, bad food, or just plain weariness. Some of their ballads expressed the fear that they would die in the chain gang and their longing to be home.

*One o' dese mornins' an' it won't be long,
You gonna call me an' I'll be gone.
Ninety-nine years so jumpin' long
To be here rollin' an' cain' go home.*

Since most of these ballads originated in the fields, they have a strong rhythmical beat which is marked by the slash of the ax as it bites into a tree, or the smash of the hammer as it cracks a rock down the middle.

*O Lawd dat hammer
Hammer ring.
O Lawd dat hammer
Hammer ring.
Ringin' like jedgement
Hammer ring.*

Some of the ballads have an interesting story behind them. One tells of the escape of a prisoner, one Long John Green. The sheriff had just bought a pack of blood hounds and wanted to try them out. He selected Long John, a past master at jail-breaking to make trail. He gave the convict a short head start and then took out after him with the hounds. John crawled through a barrel to get the dogs off the scent and got away. The sheriff was removed from office a short time afterward.

Next to despair, the dominant emotion of the convicts was bitterness. Bitterness at the terrible labor and worse food. At the cruel task master with his stinging whip and the black trusties, eager to earn a parole by shooting down convicts who attempted to escape. But along with this bitterness, there was a streak of tragic humor which is reflected in many of their ballads.

*Ain' but de one thing I done wrong,
Ain' but de one thing I done wrong,
Ain' but de one thing I done wrong,
Stayed in Mississippi jus' a day too long.*

It is fortunate that these men had their ballads, for if they had not been able to sing, they would have gone mad with despair. This is best expressed in their own words.

*When you think I'm laughin'
I'm laughing to keep from cryin'.*

Mountain Ballads

By RANDOLPH HINKLE

FROM the time that the sturdy little bunch of Pilgrims landed on the shores of Plymouth Rock, and man began his long, hard journey over the hills and plains of America, the history of the people and their struggles, and the legends of the American way has been brought forth in song, in one form or another. The first of these songs were the ballads, that were passed down from one generation to another. Most of the original ballads are forgotten now, except for the mountain people, who still hold on to this tradition.

However, it seems that the definition of the ballad still holds true; that is, that it is a story that is sung, and passed down to the next generation. Within the last five years, many of the top tunes on the "Hit Parade" have been taken straight from the original mountain ballads. Only the rhythm, or the tempo of the ballad has been changed, usually.

A good example of this would be "Down In the Valley" very popular only a couple of years ago. It was also the favorite ballad of the early settlers in the Alleghany mountains. This is an example of a ballad that was taken almost exactly as it was first sung. The tune is almost exactly as it was first sung. The tune is almost exactly the same as it was, and two of the verses came almost without change. Another example would be "On Top of Old Smoky" taken from the ballad of "Polly Williams", the story of a girl who falls in love with, and puts all her trust in a certain young man, only to be deserted by him when he sees something better. The tune is exactly the same, and the words are taken from the idea of the story.

One of the most popular ballads of the early mountaineers was the story of the "Roving Gambler". This is the story of a smart, good-looking gambler, who goes to Washington to see if he can do any business. While there, he meets a young girl, and they fall in love. She tells her mother that she is going with him, and her mother cries, to think that her daughter would leave her to go off and marry a gambling man. The daughter is stubborn, however, and she tells her mother she won't marry a farmer, because he's always wet, and has to stay in the rain, and besides, the gambling man has a cane made out of gold. Then, she says, she won't marry a doctor, because he has to leave often, and is seldom at home, and she adds that the gambling man would stay with her always. Finally, she says that she wouldn't marry a railroad man, because everyone knows they always lie.

Another of the popular ballads of the early days was a two-part ballad, supposedly sung by a woman and her husband. This ballad is probably the forerunner of the child's song "Oh, Where Have You Been, Billy Boy." In the ballad, the wife relates all the pleasures that she enjoyed when she was single. She sings that she dressed fine, and that her shoes always squeaked. She said that she ate pie and biscuits, and had hardly any work to do. Then, after she got married, she said she was dressed in rags, and now her shoes leaked. She had cornbread to eat, and little of that. Her husband drank and left her with all of the work to do.

Then, the husband gives his side of the story. He says that when he was single his pockets jingled. He married one woman, and treated her bad. Later, she got sick and died. He married again, and he says that she acted like a witch. She beat him, and he says that once she was going to hang him. She got a rope, and greased

it up to make sure it would work. The only thing that saved him was that the limb broke. He says the moral of his story is to "be good to your first wife".

"The Little Maker" is another of the famous ballads of the mountains. It is still sung today in the summer camps in the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia.

This is the story of a sailor who came to a strange country. He met a beautiful Indian girl. She falls in love with him. She asked him to marry her. He says that he can't because he loves a girl in his own country. He says he can't forsake his girl. He leaves to return home. When he arrives, he finds that his girl has left him, so he returns across the sea to his little Nrohee.

These are only a few of the main ballads of these times, but they show the ideas of the people of the time.

The Cowboy's Dream

By ALFRED KNIGHT

THROUGHOUT HISTORY, men have dreamed of a life beyond the grave where all will be peace and joy. The cowboy's idea of heaven expressed in "The Cowboy's Dream" is not of golden streets and jeweled palaces, but of the things he loved best, green pastures and silver mountain streams.

As with most old folk songs, "The Cowboy's Dream" has several versions. The words are similar in all versions and the tune is always that of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean".

God is represented by the Rider who cuts from the "herd" those not fitted to graze on His celestial range.

The damning of the guilty and the reward of the deserving are expressed in cowboy language in the last three stanzas of the ballad.

*But along with the strays and the sleepers,
The trailings must turn from the gate.
No road brand to give them admission,
But that awful sad cry "Too late".*

*But I trust in that last great round-up,
When the Rider shall cut the great herd,
That the cowboy will be represented
In the earmark and brand of the Lord.*

*To be shipped to that bright mystic region.
Over there in green pastures to lie.
And be led by the crystal still waters,
To the home in the sweet by and by.*

The Old Chisholm Trail

By NANCY GAILEY

IN 1836, Jesse Chisholm came to Wichita, Kansas, from the East. Jesse was part Scotch and part Cherokee. His mother was a Rogers, and the family of Rogers, along with that of the Chisholms was one of the first families to go West from Tennessee to Arkansas into Oklahoma and Kansas.

Due to his knowledge of the Indian language, Jesse became an interpreter to the Indians for the government. Traveling back and forth through the Indian country to various tribes took him South to San Antonio. He traveled this route so often that it became known as the Chisholm Trail.

After the War Between the States, men returning to their homes on the plains were quite surprised to find how the longhorn cattle had over-run the countryside. Their first problem was how to get rid of them. To ship them out by rail was the best solution, but as the nearest railroad was in Kansas, the cattle had to be driven there on foot. Therefore, from Texas and all over the Southern and Western states, cowboys came herding their cattle in to Kansas along the Chisholm Trail.

"The Old Chisholm Trail" is one of the best known of the old ballads. It is the song most universally sung by cowboys, and has never been proven to be anything but a product of the plains. It is among the longest of the old ballads, also telling in cowboy language of life on the "Ol' Chizzum Trail"! When written in its entirety, it relates nearly every experience that could happen to a group of cowboys driving a herd of cattle to Kansas.

Truly, "The Old Chisholm Trail" is a ballad that will never be forgotten as long as there are people to remember the best of the old folk music!

The Wreck of Old 97

By BUZZ NOWLIN

SOME FIFTY YEARS AGO, Old 97 came roaring down the slope of White Oak Mountain to plunge to its doom in a shower of cinders. On that Sunday afternoon, the crash was like thunder as the mail train jumped the curving trestle at the foot of the mountain, and drove itself into the ground on the opposite side of the one hundred foot gulley. Panic and chaos resulted, as the men worked to release the wounded and dead from the splinters of the wooden cars.

In a small town, now called Gretna, north of Danville, David George, the telegraph operator, saw the train as it passed his station "on the romp". While Old 97 made record speed as it bore down on the trestle which it wasn't to cross that day, David George left for Danville because he knew that speed and curves do not mix.

David George claimed to have written "The Wreck of the Old 97" after he gazed on the scene of the wreck resting in the gulley near Danville. The Victor Talking Machine Company made and sold many recordings, but David George claimed author-

ship, as did Henry Whittier, of Lynchburg, and George Noel of Greensboro, North Carolina.

The fight was on. Victor obtained recording rights, after appealing to a higher Federal Court when the suit against them was set at \$65,000 in damages. David George, the claimant, lost his legal authorship of a very popular and widely sold ballad—"The Wreck of Old 97".

All references—Richmond Times-Dispatch, Sept. 27, 1953.

The Atom

I

By RICHARD CUMMINS

*So small an atom, o tiny minute thing,
And yet a complex million can scarcely fill
The small circumference of a pointed quill.
And yet in this vast world thou art the king
And all creation at thy command doth bring
Great gruesome fear in the minds of men to instill,
That nations fall and crumble at thy will
And lives are lost in death's tyrannical sting;
When great men awesomely bow at thy great power
The very essence of their being shakes,
And every moment of each flying hour
Is filled with dread and terror thy presence makes.
I quake and quiver at the thought of thee,
For thou might cause the very end of me!*

II

By WALTER GRUTCHFIELD

*Each atom a solar system lone and free,
Each nucleus a blazing star so bright,
Each small electron a world and satellite,
With wee inhabitants of land and sea,
Not much unlike this world of you and me.
Around the nucleus circle electrons quite
Resembling Sol and all its worlds in spite
Of what the disbelievers might decree.
What worlds are crushed and torn apart each time
We split an atom? What crime do we commit?
What kings, what realms, what empires end their climb?
And what event in all this world's short skit
Of history makes you think the most sublime
Are we? Some day our atom may be split!*

Traditional Ballads

By EDDIE BLACKER

THE traditional ballad is one that has been handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. The fact that it has been handed down by word of mouth accounts for the many different versions of one ballad that can be found. There is one old southern ballad, "Barbara Allen", which has twelve different versions. Though some of the differences occur in the music, most of them occur in the words.

The story of "Barbara Allen" is about her boy friend, who is in bed sick for the love of Barbara Allen. The different versions have the story take place in London, Tennessee, and they change the name of the boy friend from William to James and to Willie. Different as these may be, they all have the same name, and it is rather a wonder that though these ballads underwent so many changes, they still have the same title.

There were many ballads for things other than to express love. Some of the ballads were to be sung in the fields to keep the workers amused as they toiled. Some of the ballads were humorous and told the story of people in the town and unusual and comical happenings that took place.

The traditional ballad was one of the things that the southern people cherished and through societies and organizations they have kept them living even today when such ballads as "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny", "Old Black Joe", "Casey Jones", and many others are still sung to this day and will be sung for a long time to come.

Young Beichan

By BARBARA MAYFIELD

"YOUNG BEICHAN" is one of the most famous of the old ballads sung in the mountains of Virginia. As in any ballad, it has been handed down through the time by singing the ballad in fellowship. Each time parts are left out, changed, and added to. There are more than ten variations to this ballad, although they are all relatively the same story.

Young Beichan, an Englishman of high degree, becomes restless and wants to sail the seas. He goes to Turkey, but when he arrives, he is captured by a Turk and thrown into prison.

They drill a hole in his shoulder and tie a string in it forcing him to pull an iron block all day. After remaining there awhile, away from his freedom and becoming weak from the pain, he begins to die.

One day a fair young maiden, daughter of the Turk who had captured him, sees him, and immediately falls in love with him. She steals the keys to the prison and frees Beichan. Then she takes him to her father's house and gives him strong wines. They both realize their love for each other and make a promise that neither will marry another for seven years.

Ten years pass and the fair young maiden has neither married, nor has she heard from Beichan, who is far across the sea in England. She decides to seek her lover and goes to England.

When she arrives, she finds out, to her horror, that Beichan has just brought home a wife. Nevertheless, she asks the porter to inquire if Beichan still remembers the woman who set him free from prison. The porter obliges and when Beichan hears that his true love has come across the sea to him, he quickly bids the mother of the bride to take her daughter, for she is none the worse for him. He runs to the fair maiden's side and marries her.

This ballad is also known as "Lord Bateman", "The Turkish Lady" and "Lord Bateman and the Turkish Lady". Young Beichan was collected by Miss Martha M. Davis, and sung by Granny L., Rappahannock Co., Virginia, March 2, 1916.

It is written in a simple manner and tells a simple story with a happy ending.

The Wife of Usher's Well

By RANDOLPH HINKLE

THE "Wife of Ushers Well" is one of the best known of the traditional ballads that has crossed the sea. The earliest known version of this ballad originated in two places at about the same time. It began in the northern part of Scotland, and somewhere in the English countryside.

It is impossible to mention all the different phases of the English version, and for that reason, we are concerned with only one. This is the one taken by Sir Walter Scott, from a woman in West Tothian, England.

In this version a woman has three sons. When they became old enough, they left her to go to sea. At the end of three weeks she received the news that her sons are dead, and she weeps grievously. In the middle of November, she sees them coming down the road. They come in and greet her, and she thinks that her boys are really alive. Then she notices that they are wearing birch hats. Since birch was not grown in England or in any of the surrounding countries at that time, she reasoned that they must have come from Heaven.

It is interesting to note that she had a maid, whom she asked to start a fire, and make up the beds. The boys, however, say that they are only earthly pleasures, not to be engaged in by them.

The boys are startled by the crowing of the cock, showing the approach of dawn. They say they must return to the grave before daybreak, or they will not be re-admitted back into Heaven. They leave without any further word.

One of the most popular superstitions of early English history is that ghosts of human beings could walk the earth at night, but they were frightened back into the grave each morning by the crowing of the cock, signifying the coming of day. Legend has it that the people of these times, during a holiday or time of feast, would light candles, or employ other means of keeping the poultry awake and crowing, in order that the ghosts would stay in their places. Shakespeare shows his familiarity with this legend in "Hamlet". In this play the ghost of Hamlet's father has to leave, because of the crowing of the cock.

There are also many American versions of this ballad, several of these originating in Virginia. The Virginia ballads go by several names, among them: "The Lady Day", "The Three Little Babes", and "The Beautiful Bride".

According to these versions, a young woman sends her three sons, or children, off to school in the north. After a time she finds out that they have died. The mother prays for her children's return. They return around Christmas. She receives them joyously, and prepares them a feast, but they refuse to eat because it is forbidden by the Saviour. Then, she fixes the beds for them to sleep in, but again they refuse, saying it is only a sign of worldly pride. They leave at the first signs of morning.

It is strange that nowhere in the Virginia ballads is the cause of death given. Most experts, however, attribute it to the widespread epidemic of some disease. They return for two different reasons. Some versions say that it is because of her prayer, and others say it was to prevent her grief. The American versions were always far more religious than the English and Scottish.

There is a great deal of variance in the time until the mother finds out that they are dead. The time varies from two weeks, to three years.

Also, there is a great deal of disagreement as to sex. The English versions always said that it was three boys. In the American versions the sex is usually not mentioned, but in some, it actually changes to three girls.

Some versions say that they left because of the crowing of the cock, others say it was because of an appointment with the Saviour.

As this type of ballads were the first real music, it is natural that there have been many changes in both the words and the tune. The words to these ballads were seldom taken down, instead they were passed on from generation to generation, down through the families.

The collectors of the ballads wandered through the mountain villages and seldom visited communities, collecting either on record, or paper, all the songs that they heard.

Barbara Allen

By MARGARET HUNTER

IF the people of the atomic age could retrospect into a southern home on a frosty night in the late sixteenth century, they would visualize the family of the home and neighbors gathered around the fire place popping corn or roasting marshmallows and singing their favorite songs. Many of the songs they sang were the grand old songs of their English childhood which their children would learn and teach to all America.

One of the most popular "fire-side" songs they sang was "Barbara Allen", a sad love song, which centers around the month of May. A young man is dying because of his love for Barbara Allen. He calls his servant to his bedside and sends him to bring the one he loves to him. When she arrived at his bedside, she began to make false accusations against him. While pleading with her to love him he slowly passed away. As she left his bedside she seemed to hear some death-bell tolling out, "Hard-hearted Barbara Allen". Then she visualized her lover's corpse coming towards her. Her anger vanished in the realization of the loss of her lover and soon sorrow took her life away. They were buried in different churchyards and out of his grave grew a red rose and a briar from hers. The briar and the rose entwined in a true lover's knot for all true lovers to admire.



E. GREEVER

Negro Spirituals

WHEN people hear the words, Negro spirituals, they usually think of great religious works put to music. Well, that is partly correct, but along with religious music, spirituals consist of songs of work and pleasure. In other words, they tell an everyday story.

Negro spirituals are noted for their value and beauty and they certainly make up one of the finest bodies of folk songs in the world.

Spirituals are characteristic of African music, in that one can always hear that strong rhythmic beat.

Yes, it is believed that the "ole" Negro Spirituals of the South will remain distinctive Negro folk songs for a great many years.

Work Songs

By IRA LEE ANDREWS

IN tracing the Negro Spiritual to its origin, one must go back many years into dark Africa. There, in the humid jungles, lived a race of dark-skinned people who we speak of today as Negroes.

These dark people were an extremely versatile people, for they had to be competent hunters to get nourishment from the fierce, dark jungle. They had to be a clever people in order to survive the dangers and constant threat of wild animals.

However, these people had a trait of music genius which the entire world knows today as the Negro Spiritual songs.

In 1619, traders brought some of these Negroes to America and they were put to work on the immense plantations of the South. The Negro was undoubtedly out of place in America. The climate was very different from that of his home; people would often gather and have a little preaching service with a good portion of the service devoted to the singing of their songs.

A very strong factor in the rhythm of these Negro Spirituals is the emotion of the Negro. No song sung by Negroes, or even created by them, would be complete without an occasional "Hallelujah" or "Amen". This contributes to the rhythm of the Spiritual because it somehow worked itself into the song as a part of the song. So, if the Negro hadn't been quite so emotional, the Spiritual would probably be just another song.

There is no way to classify Negro Spirituals because they weren't meant to be classified. In fact, they weren't meant to be of world-renown. Therefore, the only classification of the Spirituals can be either happy or joyous; he was pushed around by white people whom he knew nothing about; and he was compelled to labor in the fields of his master. These people had no interests in America, nor did they have any pursuits of happiness. They were therefore obliged to make the most of such a tragic situation.

The Negroes undoubtedly would assemble at eventide around a camp-fire and they would talk. Most of the talk would be Bible stories, apparently because one of these musical folk began to keep time to these stories or ballads, as the case might be.

Another darky would maybe commence to hum a tune and gradually the rhythmic beat of the foot and the steady hum would develop into a group sing. These people are truly marvelous, for who of us could begin to hum a tune to the words another was reciting and thus create a song which would last through centuries?

Being a religious race, these are mournful and sad. Both types, however, generally express hope for the future.

Some of our Negro Spirituals which are better known are: "Ezekial Saw the Wheel", "Goin' to Shout All Over God's Heaven", "How Long de Train Been Gone", "Deep River", "Nobody Knows de Trouble I Seen", "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot", and "Sinner, Please Don't Let This Harvest Pass".

The Negro Spiritual is considered by many the major contribution of America to the music of the world.

Languid Songs

By BETTY HARVEY

IT can be well said that the South is the "birthplace" of our languid songs, as well as our jazz, blues, spirituals and ballads. What is a languid song? Well, it's a song that just plain song everyone likes to sing, and if they don't know the words, hum. It's a song that has to do with everyday life or a catchy little ditty that, as we hum it, seems to enlighten our burdens or make our work seem easier.

I guess the best place to start the long history of the languid songs, is with the American Negro. Here, as is true of many of our songs, the idea was created. The Negro slave, happy-go-lucky fellow, hums and sings to himself all the day long, and it just seems that the melody is catching, because before the day is over, someone up at the "Big House" is rocking the baby to sleep by it or is picking it out on the ole banjo and before you know it, the tune started out in the cornfield has become one of the favorites at the community sing. One of the best known of these is "G'an ta jump down, turn 'round an' pic a bale o' cotton", another, one that is still sung over and over today, "In the Evenin' by the Moonlite."

Not all of our languid songs have come from the Negroes however, a great many have been derived from the working class. The songs of the steamboat pilots, canalmen, cowboys, hoboes, railroad men and others. Some of the most outstanding of these songs are "Ole Man River" and "Waterboy".

During the Civil War some of the most beautiful languid songs were sung by both sides. As funny as it may seem, both the north and the south's battle songs ("Dixie" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic") were popular songs written, and sung by, the folks in both regions. Such haunting favorites as "John Brown's Body", "Lorna Doone", "Bonnie Blue Flag", several versions of "Dixie" and "The Georgia Malitia's Eating Goober Peas", all arose from the "gentlemen's war" days.

Stephen Foster, along with his non-forgettable classics, wrote some of our great languid songs, "De Camptown Races", "Ole Black Joe", and a score of others.

From the deep, deep south and the southwest came such songs as "Spanish Johnny", "Home On the Range", etc.

These and many others are popular favorites around camp-fires and at our modern community sings. They are everlasting favorites that are sung by everyone, forgotten by none. Come to think of it, you may be humming one of them now.

Immortality of Negro Spirituals

By CAROL LAVENSTEIN

"THERE is a universality of appeal about the Negro music that makes it something more than the chant of a single race. The songs are so fundamentally human that they have already outlived the generation and conditions that produced the oldest of them."*

To achieve immortality means to have endless life. The Negro spiritual is immortal because it was given life by a people whose songs came from their very heart and soul, and they sang these songs about every aspect of their life.

A great step towards immortalizing the Negro spiritual was begun early in the 20th century when this music was given thoughtful attention by serious composers. Such composers as T. Carl Whitmer wrote "Spiritual Music Dramas". "Overture on Negro Themes" and "Negro Rhapsody" were written by Henry Franklin Gilbert. And best known of these is the "Negro Folk Symphony, No. I" composed by William L. Dawson. This symphony has been performed several times by the Philadelphia Orchestra. These works lack much, but putting such melodies into formal music, has done much to preserve the spirituals and to bring attention to their great possibilities.

Though not taken directly from known spirituals, George Gershwin borrowed much from Negro music to write the stirring opera, "Porgy and Bess". Jerome Kern did much the same thing when he wrote the popular ballad, "O'! Man River" for "Show Boat".

The Negro Spiritual is the source of three important types of melodies in the development of American music. These are the minstrel song, ragtime or jazz, and blues. If the Negro songs had accomplished nothing more than these three offspring, they would have achieved a high position in musical history.

Perhaps the strongest proof of the permanence of the Negro spiritual is our subconscious love of these songs. Without realizing it, people are continually humming such songs as "We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder", "Let My People Go", "Turkey In the Straw", and many others, thus proving the undying popularity of the Negro Spiritual.

*said by Alain Locke in the "New Negro".

Love at First Sight

By BETTY STANTON

*I glimps'd
A vision of straw
With flowers and ribbons red;
I knew I must own that dream so rare,
Le chapeau!*



Songs of the Civil War

MANY great wars have produced songs, and people keep on singing them long after thoughts of war have vanished.

Usually the songs that have given inspiration to multitudes of people are the ones that live on and on, rather than those that consist of the actual facts of war.

"Dixie", one of the greatest Civil War songs, became the symbol of the Confederacy when Jefferson Davis was inaugurated in 1861. Another very important war song of this period was "Maryland, My Maryland!", which today is not as popular as "Dixie", but, historically, is one of the most interesting of the war songs.

Dixie

By MARLENE BRAVER

IT was a cold, rainy, Sunday morning in November, 1859. A man was sitting at a writing desk in a dreary New York City boarding house composing a walk-around for the Monday performance of Bryant's Minstrel, where he was employed.

As Daniel Emmett sat pondering over his pen and paper, nine words began beating a refrain in his mind—"I wish I was in the land of cotton"—"I wish I was in the cotton". Each time the words became more emphatic, until he discovered himself tapping a rhythm to them with the tip of his pen against the paper.

When Emmett finished his song he played the melody through once or twice on the violin; after which he titled his piece, "I Wish I Was in Dixie's Land", presumably after a kind slave-holder on Manhattan Island, named Dixie, whose home was considered, by the Negro, as an earthly paradise; so when slavery moved southward, every kindly plantation became known as Dixie's.

On Monday evening, in Mechanics Hall, the minstrel proceeded as much as usual until the finale, when the new walk-around was presented. No song in that minstrel's history had ever received so great an ovation; the audience went wild; they jumped out of their seats and stomped their feet. They called for encores and sung with the performers. Within the next few days half of New York City was singing "I Wish I Was in Dixie's Land".

During the next few months Bryant's Minstrel was filled to capacity crowds at every performance; and New Yorkers were clamoring for Emmett's services. But Emmett couldn't make ends meet; most of his appearances were before private audiences, in their homes, for which he was paid very little. So when he was feeling a little pressed for money he accepted, from an unknown buyer, five hundred dollars for the complete copyright of the song. That was the most money he ever made out of it.

Because of its tremendous popularity in the North, the song was taken into Louisiana, where it was played before a packed house in New Orleans' Variety Thea-



Doug.
James

Dixie

I — wish I WAS — in de

land of cot-ton, Old

times dar AM NOT for

tre. Philip Marleen, a New Orleans printer, was at its first southern performance, and liked it so well that he made copies of it and sent them all over the South under the title "Dixie", named for the ten dollar bills, called Dix, that was first issued in the United States by the French, in New Orleans.

By the beginning of the Civil War, "Dixie" had been written and revised several times. Both sides considered it to be their's; so there are two war songs to its tune. The Yankee version was written by T. M. Conley, while the more famous southern one was composed by H. R. Stanton.

On July 3, 1863, "Dixie" was played by the Confederates at the charge before the historic battle of Gettysburg, where it was recognized as the Confederate national anthem. For the remainder of the war it was played by the Rebs before every battle.

A few days following the war, Abraham Lincoln summed up the feelings of the whole nation when he said at the termination of a speech in Washington, "I see you have a band with you. I should like to hear it play 'Dixie'. I consulted the Attorney-General, who is here by my side, and he is of the opinion that 'Dixie' belongs to us."⁽¹⁾

At the closing performance of Bryant's Minstrel, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, Daniel Emmett, by then an old man sang, in the finale, his song, "I Wish I Was in Dixie's Land." The entire audience rose in solemn reverence, which brought to them memories of their loved ones who lost their lives in the War Between the States.

In 1904 Daniel Decatur Emmett died, a pauper, at eighty-nine in a shanty in Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

So ends the story of the song "Dixie", the most stirring anthem of the nineteenth century, which was written by a Negro, whose sympathies lay with the Union. No other song, before or after, has so expressed the feelings of a people at war.

⁽¹⁾A history of Popular Music in America pp. 140-141, Spaith, Random House.

Soaring High

By LAVERNE SMITH

*Beyond the earth with graceful ease
A plane ascends to a beauty grand
Through clouds of white amid the blue
Infinite heavens above the land.*

*A steady climbing brings it high
To wondrous space of heights unknown,
And where it glides the atmosphere fills
The engine's constant droning tone.*

*Then, in descending down to earth
From clouds and glories of boundless skies,
The roaring engines slowly cease
With soft, contented, peaceful sighs.*

Lorena

By BUZZ NOWLIN

LORENA is the best known and the most popular of the songs of the boys in gray, bringing memories of the past, hope for the future, and a longing for their plantations and Southern lassies. *Lorena* is a war-time poem, supposed to have been written by a self-imprisoned brother of the Trappist brotherhood, who had left his sweetheart a hundred months before, to shut himself up in his own strict world of religion.⁽¹⁾ This poem was set to music and became very well known in the Civil War years. Perhaps *Lorena* became a quick marching song in the early victorious years, as men's hearts became light and gay as the victories mounted and an early reunion seemed imminent. Later when the battle-weary Rebels were defeated and pushed back, *Lorena* became a love song, full of memories of the past and a longing for their sweethearts and homes.

Whatever occurred, *Lorena* is best remembered as a love song, sung by the boys in gray, as they become more and more depressed by their constant retreating. *Lorena* was published as sheet music several years before the War Between the States by Reverend H. D. L. Webster, the music was by J. P. Webster.⁽²⁾

As the boys in gray were returning in long columns from the Confederate armies to their homes in the United States, *Lorena* became popular again as they drew nearer and nearer to familiar places and as they drew nearer and nearer to their Southern belles, who were not so far away.

LAST VERSE

*It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in the eternal Past,
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena.
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future! O, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part!
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod;
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.*

⁽¹⁾Sound off, Soldiers' Songs by Edward Dolph.

⁽²⁾Early American Sheet Music by Dichter and Shapiro.

Our Choice

By ANN LAWRENCE

*We are standing now at a fork in the road
And looking back on a way that's been kind.
A choice we must make to carry our load
Along life's path with spirit and mind.
May we be given the strength to endure
This journey with faith and never dismay.
With heads held high and hearts that are pure,
As each of these travellers makes his own way.*

Virginian Marseillaise

By NANCY GAILEY

THE "Virginian Marseillaise" was, at one time, one of the most popular of the Confederate songs. It was spread over the South by the Virginian troops, who used it for a marching song.

To the stirring music of the French "Marseillaise" are set words relating to the trials of the War period. The Virginia version was arranged by F. W. Rosier.

This song today is virtually unknown. No information on it can be found anywhere. A piece of Confederate imprint sheet music provided the words and music, the only available reference. This piece of music was dated 1864.

THE VIRGINIAN MARSEILLAISE

*Virginia hears the dreadful summons
Sounding hoarsely from afar;
On her sons she calls, and calmly
Bids them now prepare for war. Bids them now prepare for war.
With manly hearts, and hands to aid her,
She cares not how her foeman swarm,
She bares her bosom to the storm;
While she laughs to scorn the proud invader.*

(Chorus)

*To arms! Brothers dear;
Gird on the trenchant band!
Strike Home! Strike Home! no craven fear!
For home and native land!
Strike Home! Strike Home! no craven fear!
For home and native land!*

Second Verse

*Shall the sons of old Virginia
Prove unworthy of their sires?
No! They'll show the haughty foeman,
That in fight, she "never tires",
With fav'ring Heaven to befriend her,
To whom alone she bends the knee,
'Till every foot of soil is free,
She her sacred cause will ne'er surrender.
To arms!*

Third Verse

*A ray of never dying glory
Shall Virginia's brow o'erspread;
Men unborn shall tell the story,
How their fathers fought and bled,
While fairest hands their wounds were tending,
And brightest eyes the dear bewailed.
How not a noble bosom quailed,
E'en to die, their native land defending.
To arms!*

Maryland, My Maryland

By JUDITH SCHULTZ

*The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland.
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland.
Avenge thy patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, My Maryland.*

THESE haunting words are the lyrics to probably the most famous song of and about "The War Between the States".

During the Civil War the popularity of Maryland was sharply divided. Maryland, as a whole state, remained with the Union. However there were many of its people who were Confederate sympathizers. It was one of these, James Ryder Landall, who was the author of this great writing. After hearing of the death of a friend in an encounter with the Massachusetts Volunteers, he wrote it as a poem. It became popular quickly, and appeared in almost every Southern journal. Later it was set to the music of "O Tannenbaum", and became the "Marseillaise" of the Confederacy. The song did not, however, die with the end of the war. It is still the State anthem of Maryland, and will never be forgotten.

Night

By JANE CONE

*By day I see the misery
And the wicked ways of man;
I see the toil, the useless toil
Of each life's weary span.
I hear the noise and strife of war
Swerving us from God's plan.*

*Then night descends in velvet robes
And softly treads the earth.
She wraps me in inky silences,
Fills me with hope and mirth.
Night covers all the ugly moods
And gives to man rebirth.*

*Her zephyr breezes cool my face
And gently tug my hair.
They lift my heavy heart on heart;
Soothe all my frets and cares.
Night is a power reaching far;
I feel God's presence there.*

The Bonnie Blue Flag

By MARGARET HUNTER

THE southern soldiers of the Civil War sang as they marched and also around the campfires for entertainment.

Among the war ballads they sang was the very popular "The Bonnie Blue Flag" which originated in New Orleans in 1861.

Harry McCarthy, in need of a song to complete an act at the Varieties Theatre, wrote it, using the tune of an old Irish song, "The Jaunting Car". When his sister sang "The Bonnie Blue Flag" in the act the audience became so overwhelmed that the show had to be stopped.

This ballad spread throughout the South and became the most popular marching song next to "Dixie".

The publisher, Blackmar, was arrested and fined by Butler, who was in command in New Orleans. Butler threatened to fine anyone who sang this song.

This threat did not end "The Bonnie Blue Flag" for today it lives in the hearts of every true southerner.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG

*We are a band of brothers, a native to the soil,
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far:
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!*

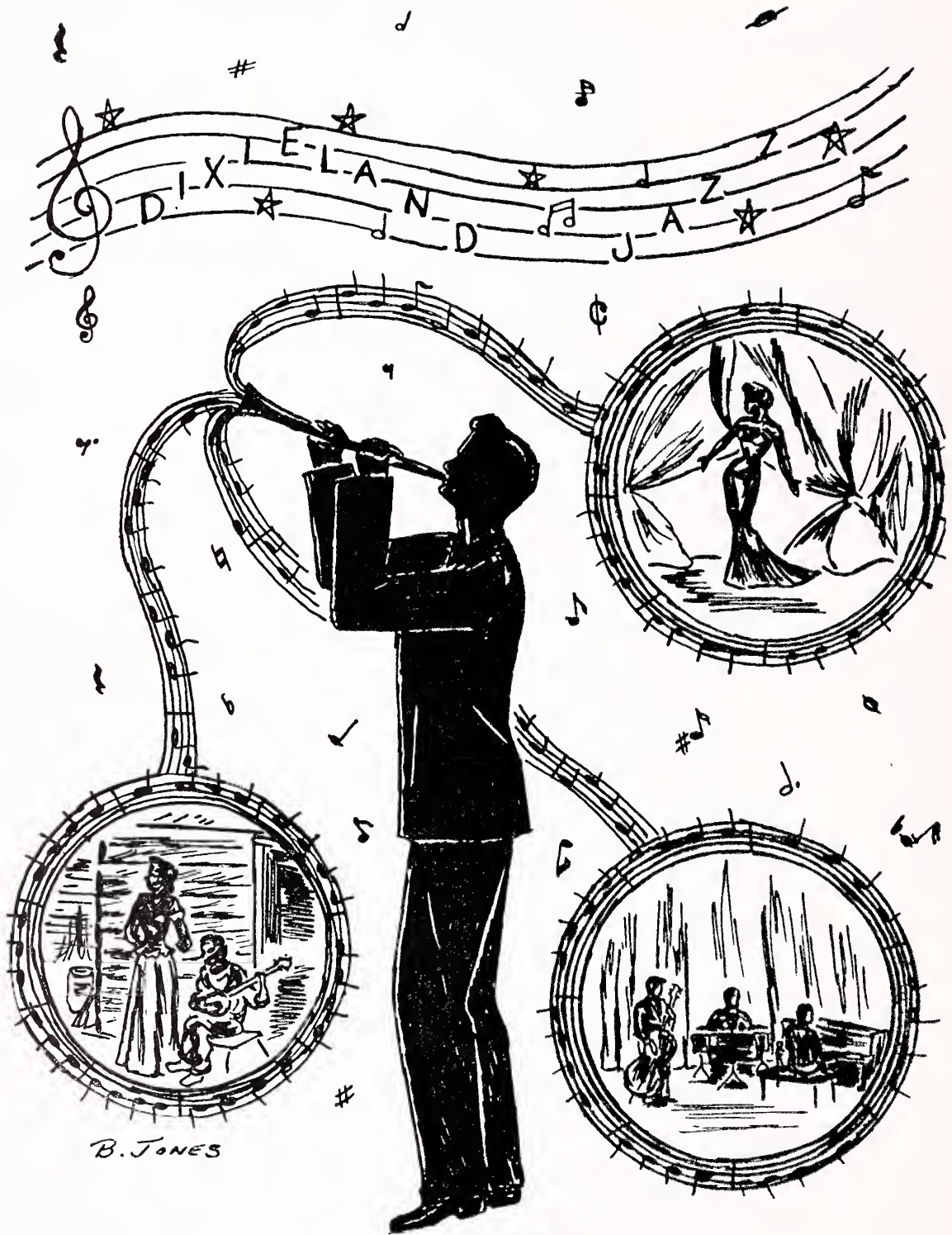
*Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.*

*As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers, kind were we and just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.
First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida—
All raised the flag, the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star:
Ye men of valor, gather 'round the banner of the right;
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight.*

*Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesmen are;
Now rally 'round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.
And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate.
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.
Then here's to our Confederacy; strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old we'll fight, our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer;
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.*

*Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.*

—HARRY MCCARTHY.



Dixieland Jazz

THE THEME "Songs of the South", could not possibly be complete without mentioning the South's major contribution to Modern American Music, Dixieland Jazz.

Since its dawn of popularity in the early nineteen hundreds, Dixieland Jazz has paved the way for many eminent musicians to achieve fame by providing an excellent outlet for their creative musical ability.

Along with Dixieland Jazz, the blues music, which is music with a definite distinguishable mood, has also made a lasting impression upon the music world today.

Origin of Jazz

By SHERRY ROSE

FROM New Orleans, Louisiana, a few years after the turn of the nineteenth century, an entirely new and unusual type of music began to make its appearance. It was unusual due to the great extent to which improvisation was put to use. Syncopated rhythm was another predominating characteristic, although a pause, or "break", as it was called, in the music which allowed a musician to play an improvised solo was the music's actual stepping stone to popularity; for it presented to a musician an opportunity to effectively display his real ability with his instrument. This led to many musicians attempting to "talk" with their instruments, by expressing their own personal feelings and emotions in their playing. This trait was especially important in blues music, where personal feeling was of prime significance.

The origin of the word jazz is believed to be a derivation from an old Creole verb meaning to speed up. The basic element of strong rhythm was copied from the music of the African Negroes. Their ritual dances and the continuous beating of the drums during their ceremonies influenced the later generations of Negroes who came to New Orleans, and as a result, many brass bands were organized to carry on the tradition of having music played at every gathering on any occasion. Whether it was a funeral or a wedding, the marching band always furnished music. The French influence on jazz music was brought in at this point, with reference to the "breaks" or solos. The marching music brought to New Orleans by the French soldiers provided a pause for a short solo, and this was greatly accentuated by the Negro marching bands. When two bands would happen to meet on the street, they would attempt to outdo each other on these solos.

Gradually, this idiom of music acquired recognition from points outside of New Orleans. Small bands began working their way up the Mississippi on river boats, until finally, Dixieland Jazz was well known in Chicago and New York. Bands were brought to these cities to play at cafes and other places of entertainment and proved to be very successful.

Chicago, as well as New Orleans, played an important role in the development of jazz music, and as a result two different styles of Dixieland were brought about, each bearing the name of its respective city. The Chicago style was mildly referred to as "nervously explosive", although it possessed a smooth steady rhythm which the New Orleans style lacked. The Southern style, however, was a more freely flowing expressive type of music. Both were equally as popular and it was the personal discretion of the bandleader as to which style of Dixieland they would play.

The instruments used for Dixieland Jazz since its infancy in New Orleans and later in Chicago remained the same except for the addition of the saxophone, which later became known as the "trademark of jazz". The traditional trumpet, trombone, tuba or bass, banjo, clarinet, piano and drums provided more than enough variety for a band.

At one time, Dixieland began to lose its popularity in favor of a smoother form of jazz called "swing". The orchestra consisted of many more instruments and provided better dancing music. However, it only included occasional solos, which gave it less color. Dixieland Jazz was definitely beyond notation and entirely creative, whereas, "swing" and another new form, "be bop" were written out and contained many set orchestral arrangements. The increasing interest in Dixieland by more and more people terminated the threat of its dying out in favor of these other forms of jazz.

Dixieland Jazz continues to live on in the hearts and minds of the American people and will never die as long as the fact is appreciated that it is "... the first and only original art that the United States of America has produced in a century of trying".¹

¹ FROM OSGOOD'S *So This Is Jazz*.

A Storm

By ANN LAWRENCE

*The sea creeps in and gently creeps out,
So undecided, so seemingly mild.
Like a woman scorned should she choose to pout,
Her mood grows angry and viciously wild.*

*She tosses her tresses and flaunts her power
O'er the ship on her breast and the shore at her feet,
Increasing in wrath, hour by hour.
Man's fears and his prayers can't make her retreat.*

*She rages and storms, a wild thing she is,
Her might combined with the wind and the rain.
The love she feels for man returns;
Her anger is spent and she's calm again.*

Birth of the Blues

By RUSSELL EARLY

THE fascinating note struck by the injection of the "blues" in modern music was only a beginning to the increased tempo of America's rhythm. Although "blues" music by now has realized its position among Twentieth Century achievements, its birth was exceedingly humble and unpretentious. The "blues" was first the product of Negro night clubs, particularly in the cities of New Orleans, St. Louis, and Memphis. But as all great movements demand leadership, the "blues" was only marking time until the man of the hour should appear.

William Christopher Handy, the son of a Negro minister, launched his musical career over parental objections by performing in circuses and minstrel shows. By 1909 Handy had organized his own band, which was employed by E. H. Crump during the Memphis mayoralty contest for which Crump was a candidate. Handy composed a radically different piece of music entitled *Mr. Crump*. The song immediately became popular, and E. H. Crump's victory was generally attributed to the success of the composition. The song was later renamed *Memphis Blues*.

William C. Handy became famous and quickly followed suit with other such songs as *Beale St. Blues*, *Careless Love*, and *Joe Turner Blues*. However, the *St. Louis Blues*, promoted by Sophie Tucker in 1914, is, perhaps, his best known contribution.

The universal appeal of "blues" music was to pattern a destiny all its own. With such works as the *Krazzy Kat* by Carpenter in 1922 and Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* in 1924, the blues were elevated to a point of sophistication where it became accepted by all classes.

The term "blues" is defined as a type of music written in minor key with melancholy words and syncopated rhythm. "Blues" are a distinct result of the Negro spiritual as evidenced by such common characteristics as the rhythmic effect, syncopation, and the emphasis on the melancholy theme. In reality it is a form of "jazz" or "rag-time", and when sung the style and personality of the singer commands as much respect as the pure composition.

"Blues" music has a style original in practically all its phases. The original vocal form included three lines of verse, which definitely presents a more natural and appealing form. In "blues" music the unexpected change in rhythm produced by syncopation, the use of only a few basic harmonies, and the sadness emphasized by the minor key distinguished this music from any that preceded it.

Following the acceptance of the "blues" as an important link in the chain of modern music, the newer trends toward "jazz" have been developed. But the mighty force which crumbled the walls of musical antiquity was the "blues", and the spirit of advancing the frontiers in music exists today because years ago the urge to create expressed itself in "blues" music.



Masters of Jazz

By MAYNARD MOORE

FROM New Orleans, the cradle of jazz, rose some of our most powerful men of music today. The men who are still in evidence as making their beginning from the early period of jazz are the renown trumpeter, Louis Armstrong, a member of the original Dixieland Band, comprised of five men, and Tony Sbarbo, a drummer. Another great today whose origin reverts to the days of "King" Oliver, Buddy Bolden and "Jelly Roll" Morton, is Sidney Bechet, who these days is noted for his soprano saxophone. He started his career playing the clarinet.

One of the most outstanding names in jazz known to everyone from the jazz hall to the concert hall is W. C. Handy. Handy is noted as the composer of many of America's outstanding Blues tunes, foremost of which is the *St. Louis Blues*. Although blind, he is still contributing to present day music. In 1949 he was appearing in New York playing the trumpet and in the latter part of 1953 he was married at the age of eighty-three.

In the early '20's the numerous exodus of jazz men from New Orleans to Chicago became evident. Although jazz was not accepted as music to the majority of people, it was expanding and the move to Chicago and New York helped spread its fame. Needless to say, in its travels it had gathered many disciples who followed the original pattern of jazz.

In Chicago and New York larger bands than the original small Dixieland groups tried incorporating various jazz forms. A few of the successful big bands were Paul Whiteman, Fletcher Henderson, Jimmy Lunceford, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, and Lionel Hampton. The larger type orchestras introduced moderated jazz tunes to dance halls. Along with this further expansion of jazz, numerous soloists and sidemen highly proficient with this type of music gained national fame. With names too numerous to mention, some of the more outstanding ones are Gene Krupa, Jimmy McPartland, Pete Dally, the late Bunny Berrigan, and Bix Beiderbecke.

In conclusion we find one man weaving a thread of recognition through the travels and expansions of jazz. As popular today as he was yesterday, he is the trumpet-playing Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, truly a master of jazz.

For Freedom's Noble Cause

By RICHARD CUMMINS

*O cruel and bloody war that clouds the earth,
And fills our times with wretched, dire distress,
Extracting from our lives the joyful mirth
That once our hearts did formerly possess.
For freedom's noble cause we give our lives,
Without the fear that shakes the coward's soul;
Through faith in God our courage strong survives,
With arms in hand and will to onward roll.
The foe's defeat our motto always be,
With glory's vision firmly in our minds,
We onward plod and trudge to liberty,
And victory gained, our pathway homeward winds.
O men who seek a blissful peace so dear,
Why seek ye it through war and hate and fear?*

The Best of Dixieland

By SHERRY ROSE

THE advent of Dixieland Jazz brought about many more new and different variations of songs than it did newly written songs. A creative and skilled band could play a song innumerable times without repeating the same style once. These musicians had mastered so thoroughly the ability of improvisation that there was very little need for new songs to be written for Dixieland Jazz orchestration. This was hardly the case concerning blues music, as the basic rhythm and key almost always remained the same, but the expressive lyrics had to portray the particular situation, and it was essential that they be effective.

There were, however, many excellent songs written for use by Dixieland Bands, although even these contained only an idea of the arrangement to be played. At a rehearsal, the piano player would usually be the only musician to read the music closely, since he had to play the melody, and keep time, along with the drummer and bass player. The other musicians would listen to the tune, and possibly scan the music, and then begin to play together in a style suggested by the arranger. Constant practice developed the best form for that certain song.

There are many traditional songs of Dixieland Jazz. "Tiger Rag", one of the first jazz pieces to be made famous by the "break" or solo, is still a popular jazz tune today. The anthem of the South, "Dixie", has been played by every Dixieland band in a different manner and it is still demanded by audiences. "South Rampart Street Parade," "Darktown Strutters' Ball," "Georgia Camp Meeting," and "Carolina In The Morning" are a few lasting favorites, while "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Back Home In Indiana", "Down By The Ohio", and "Muskrat Ramble" help round out the list of old timers.

Because of the many different emotions which were expressed, the blues music provided a wide range of variety to song writers. The lyrics were very important and there were many men who spent all of their time writing blues music. The most famous of the contributors to blues music, W. C. Handy, wrote most of the blues songs which are remembered today; including the "Saint Louis Blues", a lovelorn type of blues, "Memphis Blues", and "Beale Street Blues". All of these composed from scores of notes taken by Mr. Handy while travelling through the South, listening to and noting the music of many old Negro songs.

There is one last subject of question pertaining to Dixieland Jazz which should be enlightened before this section is concluded. This is with reference to the recent debate or discussion on the difference between hot jazz and cool jazz, which is called the "Battle of Jazz". At numerous jazz concerts there have been requests for samples of both types of jazz. Because of the fact that it was almost a physical impossibility for a band to play an entirely different style than that which they had been accustomed to, at later concerts two bands were invited, one to play hot jazz and the other to play the cool jazz style. Actually the hot jazz is the old Chicago Style of Dixieland, and the cool jazz is an attempt to revise the New Orleans style of jazz.

There are many different styles of Dixieland Jazz and there are many famous musicians who have been instrumental in raising Dixieland to the heights it enjoys today. True, there are a few who do not like Dixieland, but it cannot be denied that Dixieland Jazz, through its many contributions to music, has gained a position of esteem throughout the entire world and has set a pace for all modern music to keep astride with.

Sweet Youth

By NELL ROPER

I

A Memory

*A babbling brook below the hill,
The scene of my childhood play,
For hours its magic spell would thrill
My heart from day to day.*

*As it gurgles past a moss-covered nook,
A violet lifts its head;
The fern bends down to touch the brook
And hear the words it said.*

*Brook, who sing so bright a song
And yet can sing so sadly,
Whatever mood you should prolong,
I welcome it most gladly.*

II

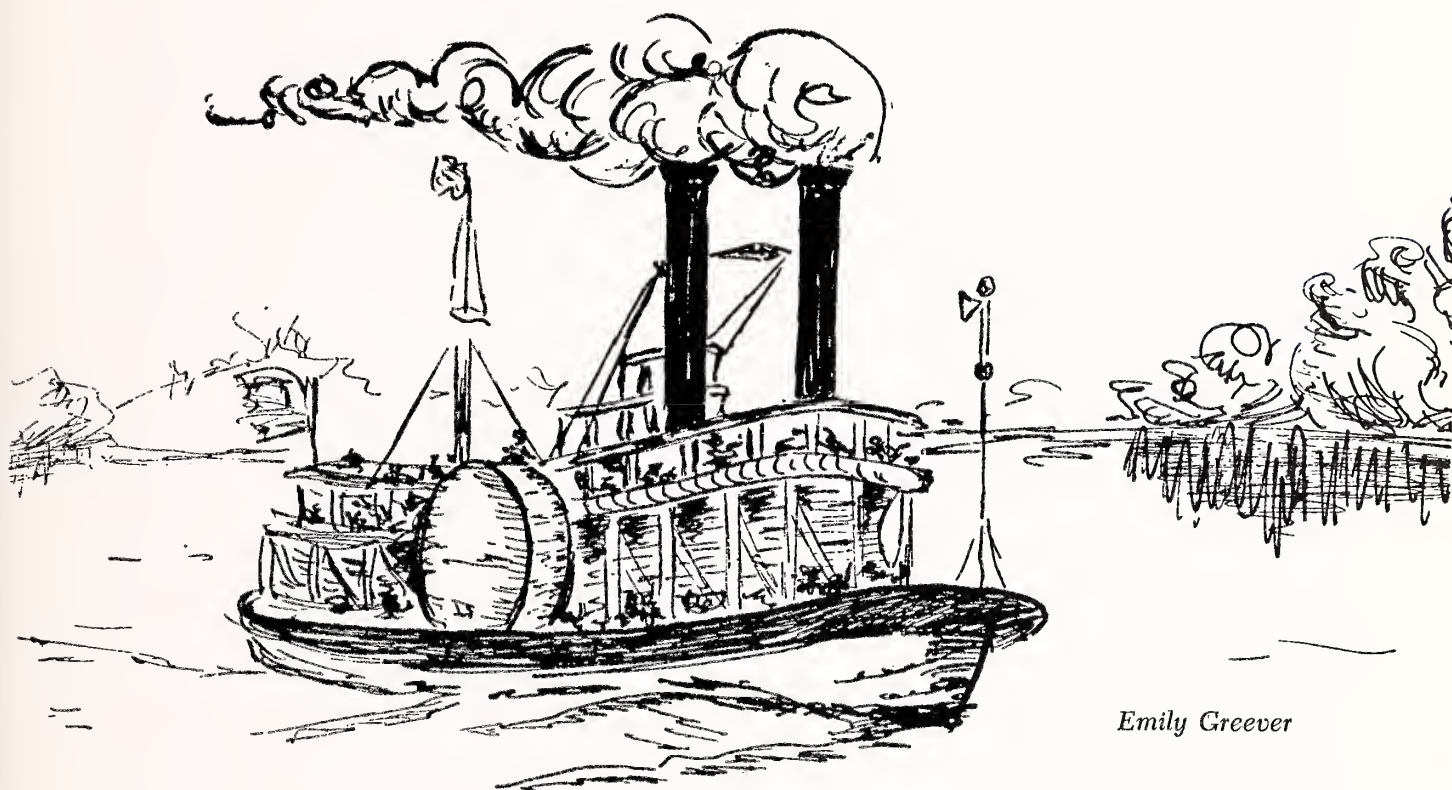
My First Big Date

*The phone was ringing in the hall;
The house was very still.
I answered the phone and heard a voice call,
"Hello, my name is Bill."
Oh! what thrilling words to hear,
For now my first big date was near.*

*Bill made a date for Friday night
To take me to the prom.
Oh what a night of pure delight,
To be with Bill, not Tom.
Gee! now that special dance was near,
The most exciting of the year.*

*The night of the ball arrived at last;
My pulse shot up quite high.
I answered the door and stood aghast,
For without a date was I.
The note read, "Sorry to break the date,
It is the army, and my ill fate."*

Literary Section



Emily Greever

Making It The Hard Way

By NELL ROPER

"LET's have a rummage sale!" That is the familiar war cry of many teen-age clubs today who must have fifty dollars for that all important dance within thirty days. Someone might be original and suggest having a bakery sale, but the rummage sale wins out every time.

One of the main problems of having a sale of this type is the finding of a suitable location. After walking all afternoon in hopes of finding a place for my club to hold its sale, my feet began to ache and blister, but at last I found the perfect spot! Gee! I was lucky.

The morning of the sale I climbed out of bed very early and hastened to 347 Halifax Street to see if our location was still standing.

When mother stopped the car to let me out, I sensed a feeling of uneasiness. Having looked the place over very carefully, she turned to me and said, "Oh, no, Nell, not this!" "Yes, mother, this is our perfect spot."

This place was just meant for us with its airy show window, where all the superior merchandise was displayed, and the nice, large light that flicked on and off. Another outstanding feature was the hole in the floor just as you stepped into the room, but who cared when it was covered over by a fancy, red mat that read "Welcome"? Now on the south side of our place of business was a smelly "ole" fish market and to the north, a recreation home for boys, and I don't mean the Y. M. C. A. Yes, it was all that one could ask for, a business right in the center of a thriving metropolis.

It was not long before our store was opened for business, and I shall never forget my first customer, a big, fat, colored woman about forty-five years old with a tremendous sack under her arm. Yes, as you've probably guessed, I was scared stiff. Finally I got up my nerve to ask the woman if I could help her. When I had managed to mumble those

few words, she acted as if she hadn't heard me. She just plowed through the clothes, stacked neatly on the counter, as if she were looking for a mate to an old shoe. Finally after what seemed like an eternity, she held up a little dress and shouted, "How much?" Really, I couldn't tell you how much I charged that woman if my life depended on it. I was so terrified when she blurted out "How much?" that I could have almost given it to her free of charge.

After a while I began to relax and I helped her find enough clothing for her entire family. I know that all of the clothes that she bought for her youngsters must have fitted one of them perfectly because her children were arranged just like stair steps.

There was a certain pair of shoes that this colored woman wanted, but she didn't want to pay more than ten cents for them. Well, I just couldn't sell her those beautiful green shoes for a dime, for they were worth every bit of a dollar, and then, too, I couldn't see myself telling mother that I had sold her shoes for so little.

The colored woman left with anger in her eyes and when she had made her exit, I quickly sat down and breathed a sigh of relief.

The sale went very well and we finally had fifty dollars stuffed safely away in our pockets along with a little extra; so everyone agreed it would be a good idea to close shop.

Quickly we packed all the rummage that we wanted and left. In this way, all the clothing that was left behind was used to advertise the following week's sale.

Later that afternoon I decided to ride by our former place of business on the way home. As I approached the little shop, I saw a very familiar figure, my first customer. Yes, here was that big, fat, colored woman quickly slipping on her feet the green shoes that she had stealthily obtained by reaching through an opening in the window!

In Memoriam

By MARY WOODRUM JONES, '53

*The sun was kind; it was a lovely day.
The breeze blew gently, wafting sweet perfume
From flowers planted by remembering hands.
The trees cast shadows on the close-clipped grass
While birds sang sweetly from their sheltering boughs
The day I passed the churchyard through and came
To Blandford Church.*

*No great cathedral met my wond'ring gaze
But just a church grown mellow with the years
And very dear with gathered memories.
Yet when I crossed its threshold I did feel
That I should take the shoes from off my feet
So surely did I know the ground I trod
Was holy ground.*

*No rector stood to read the word of God,
No worshippers sat in the vacant pews,
And yet I knew that I was compassed 'round
By those who "live in hearts they left behind",
And in whose memory the old church stood,
By those brave men who suffered, bled, and died
Defending home.*

*Not they alone did keep me company
For in memorial windows stood serene
The staunch defenders of another cause.
Placed there by states of the Confederacy
The followers of Christ looked down at me;
The sunlight's glory did an halo make
Around their hair.*

*Andrew leaned upon Saint Andrew's Cross
While "Doubting" Thomas held a builder's square.
The keys of Heaven hung from Peter's hand.
Matthew was there and Mark, and Luke, and John.
With joy I saw John was Virginia's choice
For John was young, and John was fair, and John
Was loved by Christ.*

*The "sword of the spirit" was in the hand of Paul,
Bartholomew a flaying knife did hold,
An open "Bible" Philip did display
While James the founded church did carefully bear:
Each symbol so symbolic of the man,
Of the life he lived, the work he did, or, best,
The death he died.*

*At last I gazed upon the jeweled cross
Which shed its glory o'er the open door.
I'd been to church, no sermon had I heard,
No choir had sung, no voice had prayed aloud
And yet this knowledge surely came to me:
"Brave men may die, Right has no death," Truth lives
Eternally.*

Surprise Attack

By BEE ROBERSON

THE thunder roared across the sky. Rain came down in sheets. On top of the armory, huddled in a brick building used to house the air spotters when they were on duty, four of us sat around a table playing poker. I had just dropped another five and had decided to go out and make sure the anti-aircraft gun was satisfactory. The old one had just recently been replaced by the newest AA gun, the Skysweeper.

I put on my mackintosh and stepped outside. A wet, icy blast of wind met me with the force of a slap across the face. I staggered back against the door, gasping for breath. Through the wall of rain I could just make out the Skysweeper's silhouette over toward the left. I braced myself against the wind and struggled over to the gun. I climbed into the seat and began checking everything in front of me. Satisfied that everything was in perfect order, I began to think about the war. I had been stationed on the carrier Hornet. I operated the front gun turret. I remembered the last battle of the Hornet. The Kamikazis trying to make their suicidal attempts to crash their planes into her. On this particular night they were flying about ten feet off the water. This particular one was coming straight at me, and I just kept holding the trigger. About fifty feet from the side of the ship the plane just seemed to disintegrate.

I was brought out of my dreaming with a start by a particularly loud clap of thunder. I walked slowly back to the shack. When I got back inside Ed said:

"Nice timing, Bill; it's your deal."

I sat down and picked up the cards. I shuffled them a couple of times and then dealt. I picked up my hand, card by card. I had an ace, king, queen, and jack of hearts. The other card was a three of clubs. Up until now I had not had any luck. As a matter of fact, I had lost fifty dollars. I asked Joe, Ed, and Charlie how many cards they wanted.

"I'll take one," said Joe.

"I suppose I'll stay with what I've got," said Ed.

"I'll do the same," remarked Charlie.

"Think I'll take one," I mumbled.

Ed opened the betting with five dollars, Joe met and raised him ten. I met and raised twenty-five. Charlie met and raised still another twenty-five. Ed upped it another five and Joe, in turn, raised another fifteen. I met and called for a show of hands.

"I've got four aces," said Joe as he turned over his hand and prepared to rake in the pot.

"Hold on there," I said, "I've got a straight flush, king high in hearts. Let me see you top that."

I had just counted my winnings, and found them to be two hundred and eighty-five dollars, when the phone rang. Charlie reached over and answered it.

"Yeah. What! Well, I'll be . . . Are you sure? Fifty miles out. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, yourself. That was the filter center. They said that there is a large for-



mation of planes just fifty miles off the coast."

"Enemy or allied?"

"Enemy!"

Joe gave a long, low whistle.

"Well, guys, this looks like it. I'll go down and tell the soldiers to help us get the gun emplacements set up," spoke up Joe. He rushed down the stairs and in a few minutes we could hear him shouting as he went out the side door. I called Charlie and Ed over, and we started down stairs.

"Charlie, you and Ed get a couple of fifty-calibers and mount them on the roof. I'll get the ammunition for them and the Skysweeper."

When I got back up to the roof with the ammo, Ed and Charlie were waiting.

"Just got another call from the F. C. Says there are even more planes heading in behind the first group. Says after they cross the Aleutians we are the first and last big gun emplacement they'll hit before they get to the U. S. If we can hold them for half an hour the flyboys from Nome and Seattle can get here."

"We can do it, if we can get enough men for the guns." Just then Charlie came running back up the stairs with a dozen soldiers behind him. Each had a fifty-caliber. They began setting them up and then they went down to get more ammo. The four of us drew straws to see who got the big baby. I drew the short straw and began hauling ammo over to the gun. The spot lights began going on around the camp and it got as bright as day. I could see the men running around below.

I ran back to the shack and turned on the short wave set. I could hear the various squadron leaders talking back and forth over their radios. Suddenly there was a shout:

"Bandits! Five o'clock! Let's go get 'em!"

There was the sound of machine guns and diving planes. The radio went silent and I couldn't get anything else, but I left the radio on. Then above the roar of the storm the ominous sound of approaching aircraft was audible. I rushed to the roof and from the east we could see the ghostly shadows of the planes. I sprinted to the AA gun and told Charlie to start ramming slips in. I climbed into the seat and turned on the radar. The barrels lifted and switched around to meet the approaching aircraft. When a blip was centered in the screen I would pull the trigger and a plane would go down. The soldiers opened up with their fifties and the tracers formed a criss-cross in the sky. One of the fighters detached itself from the squadron and dived down at us. It just seemed to fall apart as it hit the wall of lead that was rising from the roof.

There was a scream from behind us and one of the soldiers slumped over. I told Charlie to take over the big gun and I ran over to see what I could do for the soldier. It was just a flesh wound. I helped him into the shack and bandaged his arm.

As I started back out the radio blared out:

"Blue Leader. This is Blue Leader. Target M has just been completely obliterated."

Target M! That was—Moscow! Then over the radio came other reports. Peiping, Stalingrad, all destroyed. Outside the fighting seemed to be slackening. Then from the north came the roar of our flyboys. That ended the battle! The Migs, Yaks, and other Russian planes started back out to sea. They never made it.

Charlie, Joe, and Ed walked up to me and the four of us watched the sun come up. The battle had been long, but we had won it. It was the start of a new life and we were lucky and proud to be part of it.



Escape

By GEORGE KVASNICKA

I

Escape from the City

*The asphalt jungle closes in;
Hurry, let us run
From the city to a place
In the brilliant sun.*

*Hasten from the roar of traffic
To a quiet hill;
From the ever present buildings
To a lake, so still.*

*Run away, escape! but still
The city holds us tight,
For the country sun gives way
To city lights at night.*

II

The Majesty of the Sky

*Oh, moon, the queen of night,
Spread your royal robe
Of soft and transient light
Of such a hue,
As a pearl of dew.*

*The sun may rule the day,
But night, lovelier, darker,
Sends the king away.
And a fragile queen
Will steal the scene.*

*Then enter, you radiant queen,
And say your ladies of court
Will follow her highness soon.
In remaining sky
Soon stars are high.*

*The court is in its place;
Moon, stars, and darkness,
Proud with majestic grace.
There's beauty above
For lovers and love.*

Dedication to a Teacher

By JOE WATSON

*Crack, goes his hand on the old wooden box.
"Quiet," his voice rings over the class.
Rough as a bull and as sly as a fox,
He inspired with fear every laddie and lass.*

*"Shakespeare, did you read him on page fifty-five?
Tell me his life and you'd better know.
How did he die? and is he alive?
Answer, or out of the window you go.*

*"Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Pope.
What did they write? and how was their style?
Quote me L'allegro, you big, stupid dope.
Recite to me quick, or I'll knock you a mile."*

*Patting his head, he tells with a smile
The life of an author and the fun he was missing.
Making his life a self-made exile
Instead of with girls a-huggin' and kissing.*

*"Man, pay attention!" he yells at a boy,
A poor little feller whom he caught napping.
"You must think this English is naught but a toy."
The boy nearly faints from this shouting and snapping.*

*The workings of man are varied and many.
The lives of a doctor, a lawyer, and preacher
Will reap countless treasure and riches a plenty,
But not satisfaction that comes to a teacher.*

The Breeze

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

*Over the barren plains, the mountain tops,
The ocean waves; a gentle breeze
In beautiful rapture softly flees,
Till in a quiet hidden valley stops.*

*Quick, calm, and serenely still it hovers,
Unknown to any human heart;
Then on its journey it must start,
And all the neighboring hills it gently covers.*

*A gentle breeze, which no one sees, and yet
Had it two eyes, in days or nights,
A million unbelievable sights
I knew 't would see yet quickly 't would forget.*

TV or Not TV

By DAVID McCANTS

THERE are many people who fondle the belief that television will be the downfall of the movies, but these people, as anyone with only the slightest experience knows, are doomed to be members of that category which preached and prophesied that the Wright brothers would never fly. How any such preposterous idea becomes a product of the brain is incomprehensible unless one is not the owner of a television set.

Recently I decided to omit my afternoon coke and rush home to deliver my papers. This I did, besides doing my lessons before time to eat and rushing through my supper in order to help the repairman adjust our set. The repairman told me he did not need my help, but I was positive he didn't mean what he was saying. After all, I can always use help when I work on our television.

Well, the repairman had left, I had settled down in my favorite chair, had propped my feet in front of me, and had lain back prepared to enjoy an evening at home when what should I hear but the ringing of the phone. I tried not to hear it, but I had might as well, for mother did.

That was quick. I was proceeding back to my resting place when suddenly there came a tingling as of someone again ringing our telephone. About face! Company marrrch!

"Hello . . . Why, how are you, Mrs. Winthrop? . . . Yes, my mother is here . . . No, she didn't go to the meeting this afternoon . . . Why? Well, you see she wasn't feeling too well . . . No, she didn't go to the doctor . . . Yes, that's what I told her . . . No, I don't think she'll be going out tonight, either . . . Ma'am? . . . Pardon . . . Yes, of course, you can speak to her." Women!

No, the next call didn't follow quite so closely. Nothing like that could happen with the line busy. For some reason my mother and Mrs. Winthrop talked for

only twenty minutes, which was just long enough to come to an end three minutes before time for the commercial. These three minutes afforded ample time for Bill to ring our number. By the time we had worked our trig problems, not only had I missed the first half of an hour-long play, but also I had missed seeing the murderer captured on "Dragnet".

Still, I was determined to enjoy an evening of television. The play, though it was half over, seemed to draw my attention. In no time at all I had caught up with the story and had fallen madly in love with the beautiful heroine. It was saddening to think that her lover might never return. He had four minutes left in which to do so. Then, at last, the doorbell rang. I knew it must be he.

"Well, look who is here", I heard my mother saying. "I never thought you would make it. Come in. Come in."

That wasn't the television! Could that have been *our* doorbell?

By this time my mother had ushered into the living room friends of the family. Television was over for tonight. This kind of thing had happened too many times before, not to know what was coming. Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop had a TV set. They wouldn't come over to see ours unless their's was broken. What did they come for? Mom had just talked with her a few minutes ago.

"Why don't you cut off that television, Dickie?" my father was telling me. "No one is watching it."

No, no one is looking at it. Just *me*. I'm nobody.

"Oh, no! Don't let us interrupt anything you were doing. We just dropped in to say hello. Can't stay but a minute."

Yeah, I bet you just dropped in. Just dropped in because there wasn't anything on TV you cared to see.

The television stayed on, but what good did it do? You couldn't hear it, and with

Mrs. Winthrop admiring a new vase upon the television you couldn't see anything either.

The next show was a quiz show. This kind of show is so much fun. Really, it is just about my favorite. It is so much fun to see how many of the questions you can answer, especially the jackpot question. For some reason or other beyond my knowledge, the women ceased their chatter while this show was on. Perhaps they wanted to improve their abilities. Up until this time they had seemed to know everything.

The important question was asked. The music played. The contestants racked their brains. Everyone sat around saying, "Aw, I know I have heard that. I know it as well as my name." The music stopped. The emcee asked the couple for their answer. At the same moment Mrs. Winthrop blurted out George Washington. Well, what I'm telling you is every word that I heard.

The evening droned on. I grasped every word that could be heard above the torrents of laughter and the polite yes and no's of conversation. At first I wanted to scream. On second thought I didn't. Next, I decided to ask them to speak in softer tones. This wouldn't be very polite, though. Then it hit me. Why not go over and turn the set up a bit. I couldn't do that. They would see me for sure. Gee, my mother would never forgive me for anything like that.

It was becoming increasingly unbearable, and in a moment of anger I slipped from my chair and turned the volume dial around and around until the television could be heard above the noises of the room. No one seemed to notice the change. The program came to an end. The commercial flashed onto the screen, and the television blared out louder than ever. I was scared half out of my wits.

CHATTER HAD CEASED!!!

"Why don't you turn the TV down?" my mother asked.

"Why don't I turn the TV down?" What was she saying? "Oh, sure. It is a bit loud isn't it?"

No sooner had I turned the volume down and returned to my chair when the incessant noise began once more. This time I was certainly ready to give up. Something, though, caught me by the arm and held me back. "Don't give up," it said. I heeded these words of warning and continued to suffer the slings and arrows hurled at me from all directions.

When the visitors had left, I returned to my natural, normal, and calm state and clicked on the TV set, which had finally been turned off by my father. Perhaps now I could enjoy this last show even though I had missed most of the others. Maybe, at last, I could sit down and enjoy my favorite star.

Station identification was over. Any moment now my favorite star would be on the air. The thought of seeing a good show in the quiet of your home after seeing several good shows in the noise of your home was indeed a pleasant one. There seemed to be a little trouble. Lines of every nature flashed across the screen. Commercials are bad enough, I thought, but this is worse.

In a moment the trouble cleared, and my program was on. There was a short skit sponsored by the sponsor concerning his product and then, Tonight we once again bring you that fun-packed, thrill-packed entertainment feature, 'Here's to You,' and pinch-hitting for our star, Mr. Howdy Doody, is Rootie Kazootie."

For a moment I had the urge to kill. I was overtaken by a mighty thirst for a coke, my legs ached from rushing with my papers, indigestion attacked me, and I remembered those half-finished lessons. Immediately I resolved to spend every night from then on at the movies.



One Against the Sea

By CAROL LAVENSTEIN

THERE is a small village on the sea coast of Maine that for many years has attracted artists to its side. People from all over New England come there to purchase paintings, and sometimes they buy them before they have even seen the completed work.

You might wonder what attracted these artists to the sea. It was because they too wondered. They wondered what there was about the sea that compelled so many men to it, and they had come to paint their answer.

Some would paint the sea's power. And it is powerful. One has but to look on the shore at the small pieces of driftwood that were once part of great ships built by man, to see proof of the sea's power. Some would paint the loneliness of the sea. And it is lonely. Nowhere can a man feel so alone and so insignificant as by the sea. For what is one man against such a force? Some would paint the sea's beauty. And it is beautiful. Beauty that poets, painters, and all kinds of artists have tried to capture for thousands of centuries, belongs to the sea.

This particular season had its usual number of promising young artists, but there was one who stood out from the rest of the group. You could see him sitting a good distance apart from his fellow workers, and many a day he would paint from dawn to sunset without a break. In fact, the only other thing he was ever seen doing was walking alone along the beach.

After observing a month of such behavior, a group of artists went over to where this man sat with his work. Then they saw it. It was no ordinary picture. One didn't say, "Isn't that pretty", and then walk on. You didn't just glance at this painting, you were forced to stare at it. It recorded more than the power of the

sea, more than its beauty, more than the awfulness, more than the solitude. For here, in a style that knew no restraint, was



a picture of what truly could have been called the very soul of the sea. This man had accomplished on one canvas what all of the great masterpieces of the sea had failed to do.

And then it happened. It would seem impossible, unless one was familiar with the suddenness and strength of the winds on this part of the coast. The picture was blown off the easel into the sea before anyone realized what had happened. Oh, they tried to recover it, and even if they had been able to, it would have been only to recover a ruin.

The creator of the painting was never seen after that day. No one knew where he had come from, so they could not know where he had gone. Those of a romantic nature suggested that he had thrown himself into the sea. For what is one man against such a force?

Conquest

By ANN WHEELER

*Mary's a big girl with fat, shining curls.
Mary's the envy of all little girls.
Rosy and happy and proud to be seen;
One day the charm vanished—for Mary's thirteen.*

*No longer rosy or happy or proud,
One can't blame the boys for thinking out loud.
"Look at fat Mary!" the cruel boys shout.
"Her springs must be broken; she sags all about."*

*Then one day she decided, "I'll do it; I'll try it!"
Forthwith, straight-a-way, she went on a diet.*

*She smiles in the glass at her beauty and grace,
And zips herself into a size-twelve pink lace.*

On My Mind

By JOANNE BORTZ

*I have seen them at night,
The lovely sylphs so fair,
By the moon's silvery light,
The misty forms of the air.*

*How they dance, how they dart,
At play on the star's bright beams,
As they whirl in my heart,
The charming sylphs of my dreams.*

*As the morning draws nigh,
Comes the sun with his blessing so gay.
They flee to the sky
With the dawn of the bright new day.*

On the Trail of the Birds

By MARGARET HUNTER

IT was one of the few warm days in February as I walked into the backyard and heard the little gay colored birds chirping from the bird station I had built for them. In each of their chirps it seemed as if they were thanking me for putting food in the bird station each day during the cold snowy months of the winter.

When I started feeding the birds, I was unaware of how much enjoyment I would receive and also that it would prove to be a very educational hobby.

The bird station was just like a busy automat a few days after I had set it up in the yard. I began to notice the different colored markings of the birds as they flew in and out of the station like busy people in brilliant costumes. It was at this point that I decided to purchase a book picturing in full color the different types of birds and their life history. After reading a few chapters of the book I realized that not only bread crumbs, but sunflower seeds, hemp, millet, and canary seed would attract the little feathered creatures.

The most beautiful visitor at the station was a vivid red Cardinal. There are very few red birds and the Cardinal is the only one with a crest. Its heavy red bill with black around the base is a good field mark. The female Cardinal is light-brown and has the crest and red bill of the male but very little of its color. I enjoyed watching the Cardinal fly about and pick up bits of bread and seeds in its bill. All too soon it flew out of the station like a red flame across the white snow.

Without looking up the name of a very noisy, greedy, but delicately colored blue, white and black bird, I knew he must be a Blue Jay. This bird could very easily

be nicknamed the "robber" because the minute he enters the station he flutters about, leaving very little room for the other birds and greedily filling his bill with seeds.

One summer afternoon I noticed two small, pert, brown birds as they perched on the bird station, they eying their future meal. I could tell that they were wrens by their brownish color and because they were carrying their tails almost vertically. A gourd seems to be the home which attracts a wren family the most. After cutting a circular hole in the side of the hollow gourd and tying it on a tree limb away from danger, I watched each day to see whether it had been inhabited. Finally a mother and father wren moved in, and it was very interesting to watch the mother wren fly in and out of the gourd to build a nest of string, twigs, leaves, and mud. While the mother was busily working to prepare a good home for her babies, the father perched on a limb and sang to entertain his wife. During the summer two families of wrens were raised in the gourd home.

Besides being very colorful and fascinating to watch, birds have an importance in the world like all other creatures. They are very helpful in controlling insects that plague us.

Protection is a very important factor in a bird's life, because they are so small. They are protected from the weather by feathers that are renewed once or twice a year by moulting and from enemies by coloring of plumage which often matches surroundings.

The study of bird life has made my leisure time very profitable with enjoyment and educational value.

Rain

By LOU LESLEY

*As I sit here on this gloomy day
And see no children out at play,
I feel so lost and so forlorn,
Rain, rain from early morn
Seems tears are hung on every tree
Just weeping now and then with me.*

*And even in the flower beds
The jonquils now have bowed their heads.
No birds singing merry notes;
Sorrow even stops their throats.
No need to look into the skies,
The tears are streaming in my eyes.*

*Birds, flowers, all have lost their glee;
Please, rain, do hear our fervent plea;
With the weather we can't cope.
All that we can do is hope,
And pray the sun will shine tomorrow,
And we shall be rid of all our sorrow.*

Victory

By DABNEY SHORT

*I stare in wonder at the tree,
Which lifts its head so high.
For many years it has stood free
Which God's small creatures all could see
Outlined against the sky.*

*This fighter has many battles fought
Against the elements,
And by all this it has been taught
That life is something won, not bought,
By vigilant defense.*

*Perhaps a lesson could be spun
From this majestic tree:
If, before this life is done,
With courage victory in won
Triumphant we shall be.*

The Revelation

By RUSSELL EARLY

DAVE MARTIN awoke completely in tune with the new day. Just as the thick clouds rolled overhead, protesting the approach of another dawn, so did fears and confusion cloud Martin's mind. Perhaps he was asking himself why he should live the next twenty-four hours for the navy. What did it ever do for him? Then he realized his head had been aching. "Must have been to a party last night", he muttered. But then Martin didn't ever go to parties. At least no one asked him any more. Ever since he'd picked that fight with Buck Morrison, no one bothered with him. Just a bunch of sissies, that's all, he thought, as he rolled back the covers and started to dress.

Martin was approaching thirty. He had a muscular build, and, but for the cynical expression, which dominated his face, perhaps he'd even be considered handsome. Martin had joined the navy ten months ago, and he was now in San Francisco. He had orders to report to the *Battleship Illinois* Monday, November 12. That was today. The year was 1942, and MacArthur was just beginning to strike back in the Pacific.

As Martin boarded the *Illinois*, he glanced up the gangway and saw Buck Morrison waiting in line just in front of him. "Oh, the devil, that religious nut again", Martin sighed under his breath. Morrison, once had spoken of God, and Martin had hated him ever since. God? Who in hell was that? Only sissies, thought Martin, could swallow that nonsense.

When Morrison tried to shake hands with him, he only turned his head and stared emptily into space: "All right, if that's the way you want it", Buck fired back, "that's exactly the way you'll get it."

For the first time Martin spoke. "That suits me damn well", he said and stalked angrily off in the direction of the crew's quarters.

The next morning brought with it favorable weather for the *Illinois*' sailing. A gentle wind, which had sprung up overnight, was now rolling the water to the strange rhythm of the sea gulls' cries. The



lazy clouds above added the final touch to this picture of tranquil beauty. Thus, the *Illinois* glided silently westward with a crew of men including one lone atheist.

Three days later the first notice of the enemy was taken, when a general alert was posted, and double watches stood guard. Nerves were beginning to play games with almost all the crew; all, that is except one David Martin.

At least outwardly he was his old self. But within, the tension of tightening fears gripped his insides. He began to wonder whether or not he had the guts to take this war. Then, as if grasping for something to guide him, he reached back into the past. He had had a home—well, a house anyway—in the slums of Pittsburgh. He might have led a happy life if his parents hadn't died when he was in his early teens. After that, all he remembered was running away, away from people, away

from unhappy memories. He could have had a girl, but the dread disease of cynicism had stopped him. Martin had known too many girls and had marked them all with the same stamp. After trying several jobs which ended unsuccessfully, he had joined the navy but not because of patriotism. In fact he hated the navy. His only reason was the same which had patterned his life. He was again running away. If he had but thought, Dave Martin would have realized that he was nothing, living for no reason whatsoever. His life was the only true vacuum in the world.

Now the watches had changed, and it was his turn to go topside to stand watch. On deck the night air seemed strangely different. Overhead, clouds passed ominously, obscuring the stars from view. The air was perhaps a bit warmer, but the humidity made it stiffling. A steady wind coming in from the southeast was whipping the water into small patches of white foam.

A weather report had just been posted, and the *Battleship Illinois* was approaching a low pressure area and would probably meet winds of hurricane force. The crew was alerted, while already the ship began to strain through the churning waters.

Dave Martin had never been afraid, or so he tried to think, but this time he wasn't quite so sure. With nothing to grasp for hope, with nothing to live for, his life had become less than an empty barrel tossing about in the ocean. Armored with these fears, Martin was ill-prepared for the battle between man and sea.

The ship was now wallowing rather dangerously in the large sea. A little group of sailors, genuinely fearful of the storm, gathered in a supply room just below the

first deck. Dave Martin had entered the room but only for safety's sake, as the decks had become too slippery to gain a foothold. Buck Morrison has just finished praying and was trying earnestly to encourage the men.

Morrison then started for the forecastle to help secure supplies that had been stowed forward. As he carefully picked his way along the deck, a sudden gust of wind lifted up a barrel which started for him. He struggled desperately to evade its path but only fell backward over the rail in his attempt. He disappeared immediately into the inky black water. No sounds were heard, and all was as before.

The only witness had been Dave Martin. He called frantically to the other crew, but all was in vain. For a few moments Dave stared into the sea. Then, clamping his paws together, he stalked grimly over to one of the air ventilators which lay to the starboard bow. There Martin performed what hours ago would have been impossible for him to do. He knelt and prayed. Having done this seldom, perhaps never, he was no doubt clumsy. But not one degree of sincerity was lacking as he discovered himself for the first time in his life.

Dave Martin had realized the purpose life had had for Morrison. He realized that the purpose of the storm had truly been a miracle. He had discovered that people were the instruments of fate, and that God was fate's Master. He knew that he had just lived a miracle.

Adjustment came slowly, for after thirty years of nothing, it wasn't easy to fill the space. Nevertheless, the story of Dave Martin was now a legend. He had many friends and became a pillar of strength among the crew members. David Martin was now a man.



Via Dolorosa

I

Release From Fear

By ALFRED KNIGHT

*The darkness comes and covers me.
I see and hear what isn't there,
The formless shadows, muffled whispers,
The half-heard tread upon the stairs.
I turn a switch—gone is the gloom
As blessed brilliance floods the room.*

*A nightmare holds me in its grip.
I live—fear—suffer there.
I topple from a frightful cliff.
A monster drags me to his lair.
But midst these horrors beyond belief,
I wake and cry out with relief.*

*Then Death, the king of fear, will come
And commit me to his mystic care.
I'll sink within his darkest realm,
As my burning lungs scream out for air.
I pray there'll be a light switch then,
And God will let me wake again.*

II

Nocturna Pericula

By WILLIAM GROSSMANN

*The sun is gone, now comes the shade.
All are at home preparing for night.
The lights go on and fires are made,
While vanished from earth is all sunlight.
The dark fills places where sun beams played.*

*A chilled air sweeps through all the trees,
While fence and bush seem to creep and lurk.
The men like figures moved by the breeze
Dance like witches hard at work;
At the sight of which your blood does freeze.*

*A spider web on your head twirls 'round,
And gives you a feeling of being caught.
Right now you are scared and jump at each sound.
Tomorrow we'll see the dangers we fought,
But when we're there, they cannot be found.*

Call to Play

By DOROTHY ANDERSON

*Let us climb the rolling hill,
Let us the far view seek to see,
Let us the happy hours fill,
Let us gay and happy be.*

*Come, my friends, one and all,
Hasten to the old pine tree.
Try to wade through grasses tall,
Come and play awhile with me.*

*Although you may be known to fame,
This advice I give you truly,
"Whatever be your famous name,
Take the time for pleasure duly."*

This Modern Music

By WALTER GRUTCHFIELD

*Piano strikes a refrain above the bass;
A trumpet blends in slowly, takes the fore,
And ends on notes so shrill; and then with grace
Piano dies. The sax begins to soar,
At first alone but then the iv'ries sound
Again, while brasses moan their woe in back.
A fight between trombone and trumpet is found.
The sax with piano the whip of strife does crack
'Gainst bass and drums that try to keep the beat.
Once more the trumpet blares; but then with charm
And measure they all explode! When gone is the heat
Piano soothes you from your great alarm.
So Stan the Man of Kenton music fame
Another laurel adds to his fabulous name.*

Meditations to St. Cecilia

By JOHN WILLIS

PLEASE do not let it be said that I am not a lover of music, but rather let it be known that I have sympathy for the average American who, through a series of complicated acts of fate, finds himself knee-deep in a concert of classical music. Take, for instance, the average citizen who comes home from an exhausting day at the office, with plans for a quiet evening at home in his favorite rocker, looking at television, and dozing when no one is looking. His vista is ended with a gentle but decisive conclusion when he comes home to the little lady, who sweetly asks him—in a way that only a woman can speak—if he “wouldn’t like to take in a special club meeting” with her. Now, this sounds like a very *genial* proposition, harmless in its entirety, but as any man knows, the answer is a foregone conclusion.

You finally set your masculine jaw and stomp down your foot, that most assuredly you will not leave the house tonight, but on the way to the meeting you get reconciled to the fact. This is the monthly meeting of the Society for the Preservation of Tulip-Tree Cultivation in America. This is to be a program of special entertainment, and therefore the business session has been restricted to not more than three hours. However, the visitors (husbands of the members) are spared a grueling session, for the women, in their

typical efficient fashion, have discovered how rapidly business can be moved off the floor by simply referring it to a committee, or if necessary, creating a committee. So after a brief business session, which to the men doesn’t seem at least more than two hours, the special program begins. And it is not until this entertainment has commenced that you realize that potential charm of “Dragnet”.

The entertainment is to be by a member of the program committee of the club, who, according to the programme, is a soprano. (Perhaps that is the technical phraseology of it, but you could think of some more appropriate and descriptive words for it.) Her accompanist (musician’s term for confederate) is to be another woman, a pianist (using the term loosely, which, by the way, is the way this particular person plays). The soloist has a broad musical background, the introductory speaker notes (and this is true. In fact, her background is so broad, she practically hides the concert grand piano.) She opens her concert with a dramatically moving composition by Sullivan—so moving in fact, that it carries you straight to the exit. The number is “The Lost Chord” and our would-be prima donna is still “searching it vainly” as you close the door on another chapter of what promises to be an unpleasant memory, dragging a very indignant little spouse behind you.

Nature's Pace

By PRET ROPER

*The whistling wind sweeps o'er the rolling plain,
While the clouds sail through a sky of misty blue.
A gathered host to spread the earth with rain
Or part and leave the morning fresh with dew.*

*While birds of the night are searching for their prey,
The young and the old are wrapped up in their dreams,
In hopes that they may see the light of day,
When the sun comes up and stretches forth its beams.*

*Life awakes to see the morning sun,
Whose beams spread o'er the ridges of the valley.
It tells the world a new day has begun,
To give new strength once more to start life's rally.*

Where Do You Wander?

By ANN WHEELER

*Where do you wander, O wind?
I wander far, my child.
I wander away to far Ceylon,
I travel the jungles wild.*

*Over moonlit seas go I,
Over the mountains and plains.
I travel the meadows and valleys all,
And stroll in the shaded lanes.*

*Take me with you, O wind!
Let me walk by your side for a while,
And see all the wonders you tell about,
That brighten a little child's smile.*

America, Land of Dreams

By IRA ANDREWS

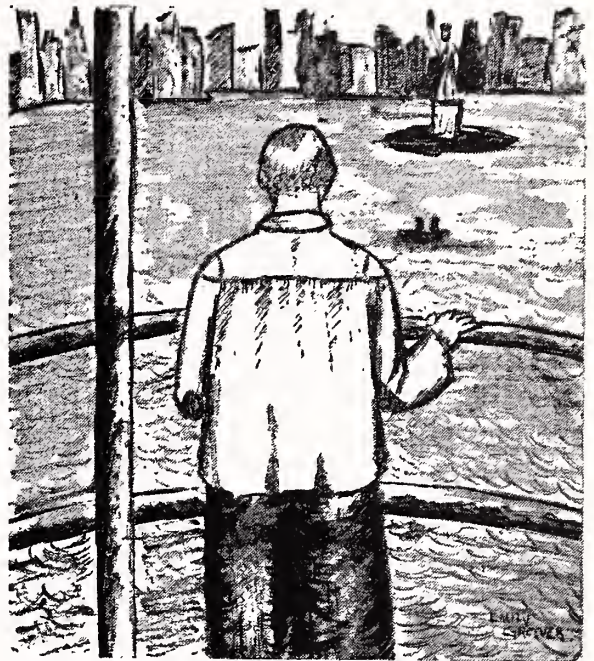
FELIX VALERO walked down the streets of Venice watching the tourists on excursions in the little canal boats. They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely amid the quaintness and quietness of Venice. There were a few Italians casually strolling up and down the streets; no one seemed to be in any particular hurry. In his mind Felix tried to determine the nationality of some of the tourists he saw. There were some French, English, Scandinavians, a few Spaniards and the Americans, who held the interest of Felix.

Felix Valero was a widower of about forty-one years of age. He was not a large person, about five feet nine inches tall, and he weighed about one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His face was wrinkled as a result of a hard survival, since he lost his wife and his son went to America with the army. He had kindly eyes and rather large nose. He had bright teeth. Felix's hands were beautiful hands, as a man's hands go; they indicated somewhat Felix's occupation, weaving. However, he was a rather suspecting person because someone had stolen a hundred dollars from his father when Felix was a little boy.

He had dreamed of going to America since his son had gone over and settled in New York after being discharged from the army. However, this dream had never come true because Felix was poor. True, he was a weaver, and a good one, but how could a common, every day Italian weaver find enough money in that occupation to pay the passage fee to go to America? Felix found a way, though. He had found a prospective means of transportation to America on a freighter. They said it would cost \$250.00 and he would have to help the cook also, to help cover the passage fare. The captain of the ship, the S. S. Venus, had told Felix he could bring only two pieces of luggage. Felix thought that this was his chance to spend as little as possible for passage to America. He

had saved \$400.00 over a period of fifteen years. When Felix came to his decision, he stepped up his pace and headed for the waterfront.

The day was clear and hot, but on the waterfront a gentle breeze whipped the



blue-green ocean water into foaming white-caps. Overhead, sea gulls glided serenely, constantly searching for some small fish or other small morsel to pounce on and devour. Felix turned in a doorway and tapped on the door marked No. 2 in a shabby, two-story building with cracked walls and the doors flailing loosely on their hinges.

"Come in," a voice answered.

Felix walked in, expecting to appear before a very hard, cruel old sea-dog. Instead, he saw an old, white-haired man whom Felix knew at a glance was an old seafarer.

"What can I do for you?" the old man began in good English.

"Well, Im'a da man youse a talk to about agoin' to America."

"Oh, you the fellow, eh?"

"Dat'sa right."

"O. K. then; you said you have the \$250.00 passage fee and a willingness to help the cook, right?"

"Isa right."

"Good, be here at Pier Ten tomorrow morning at seven o'clock. We sail exactly then."

Felix Valero felt a surge of joy enter his whole body as he walked briskly past the quaint homes and shops to his little cubby-hole shack. First of all, Felix packed all of his clothes, then he packed his weaving designs and material.

Now he thought he was all set. Oh! He thought of the most important thing in his life just now. He went to his chest, opened it and withdrew a leather pouch. He reached in. His hand grasped some paper. Quickly, he drew his hand out. His money? No! His money was gone! Only pieces of paper yellowish in color remained. It was one o'clock now. He had but thirty hours to recover his four hundred dollars before the ship left. He was baffled. He thought he had put the money in the chest; evidently he hadn't. He began to search wildly. He literally tore the house apart. He turned his bunk upside down, looked in the covers, mattress and springs. No money. He ripped out all the loose boards, mostly in anger. He tore the dresser apart and shoved the little wood stove aside. He covered every inch of his small dwelling. No money and three hours gone.

Unfruitful as the search at home was, Felix still continued his search. Then his mind lightened. He would retrace his steps of that morning. He walked and walked. He looked in this doorway, in this alley, in this hole and everywhere he looked but still no money. Then he came to the building he had visited that morning. He turned the knob on door No. 2; it was locked. Dejectedly Felix turned toward home. He had lost the key to a new life.

He stuck his hands in his pockets and walked head-down toward home. Then he thought he felt something soft. His fingers closed around the object and he

slowly withdrew it from his pocket. The leather pouch! He pulled the strings and looked inside. There he saw the \$400.00 neatly folded. Felix pinched himself; then, assured of the reality, he broke into a rapid walk or trot and began to whistle in a merry fashion. He was still in the game after all.

Felix got up the next morning at day-break. Being a pretty religious sort of fellow, he felt it was necessary to ask forgiveness from the Lord for having been so negligent in the past. Felix thought that because he was going to America with money he had earned that he didn't need any assistance. How wrong the poor fellow was. So, in order to tell the Lord about it, he went down to the waterfront, at a remote part of the beach, and he began to talk and meditate with the Lord. He prayed a simple prayer; in view of the sun peeping over the horizon, Felix prayed: "Lord, a'now I know dat Iv'a done a bad t'ing. Lord, you'lla have to know a dat I'ma sorry. I've a been so conceit Lord, leaving You out of de most important happen' in my life. Please Lord, forgive-a me and-a guide me in any thing I try a to a do. Amen." Just then, the sun's long rays reached over and seemed to kiss the blue waves; the clouds seemed to scatter, revealing a soft blue sky. Far out on the ocean Felix saw the tops of masts belonging to two or three sailing vessels. The sea gulls had awakened and were beginning to flap their wings and turn their heads downward looking for breakfast.

Felix, realizing the time, picked up his bags and headed down the beach toward Pier 10. He stopped in a few minutes and felt in his pocket over his heart. Yes, the money was still there.

At seven o'clock Felix said, "Good morna to you, Mister Captain."

The same old white-haired man in the office the preceding day said to Felix, "Morning, mate."

"Nice weather for sailing," remarked Felix.

"Sure is good sailing weather."

"How long ita take a to get to America?"

The sea captain replied, "Oh, 'bout fourteen days or so, beings as we don't meet bad weather."

"Dotsa verry goot. When ve go?"

The whistle of the freighter let loose with two ear-splitting bellows.

"Right now we shove off, matey," said the captain, although he didn't need to answer the question because Felix was half way up the gangplank.

The cook met Felix at the deck and showed him to his quarters, then told Felix to report for kitchen duty in four hours. Thus started a fourteen-day routine for Felix. He helped the cook for the entire voyage. Often during the voyage Felix thought about how he would be treated in America. He wondered especially about how he would adjust himself to the new surroundings. His son and his family, new people, new city and even new food.

Finally, exactly fourteen days after shoving off from Pier 10 in Venice, Felix was called to the deck by his friend the cook, who was himself an Italian.

"Look at dat sunset, Felix."

"It's a most beautiful, Cookie, no?"

The two Italians were watching the exquisite blend of orange, purple, red, blue and yellow hues of the sunset when the old captain tapped Felix on the shoulder.

"Look over there, Felix."

Felix looked; the Statue of Liberty. His mouth fell open and a tear rolled down

his cheek. He could not believe that it was really Felix Valero standing on the deck of an incoming vessel, viewing a gorgeous sunset of all colors with the Statue of Liberty lifting her torch high, with seagulls gliding to and fro. What a sight; Felix was truly grateful to God that night as he watched the sun kiss the earth good night and fold the blackness of night like a blanket studded with glittering jewels over the earth.

The next day Felix was put through the Immigration Bureau procedure with little trouble because Tony, Felix's son, was on hand. As Felix came into the New York street, on which the Bureau was located, Tony met his father.

"Papal!" cried Tony.

"Tony, my son! How happy I'ma am to see you!"

"It's been very long, papa, since I saw you."

"It'sa not been halfa long to you as ato me, Tony; Tony, is it all true, no dream?"

Tony assured old Felix that it was true and the two went to Tony's home on 33rd street. There Tony took his father to meet his wife, Alice. The three were very talkative at dinner that night. It was mostly Felix, however, who did the talking.

The next day, Tony took Felix down town to a little shop which he had bought, complete with weaving machinery for his father. This topped it all off. Felix had everything he desired. Best of all, he was in America, land of dreams.

Peace by the Sea

By HENRY MCGILL

*The greatest peace that I have found
Is right by the sea, the mighty sea;
Soft breaking waves the only sound
In a vast great space that humbles me.
I dream of adventure far and wide
And long to travel the outward tide.*

*I gaze into the massive sky
And then across the restless sea;
I gaze and wonder how and why
This, our universe, came to be.
And meditate this thought I find
That God did this beyond my mind.*

*Love, hate, fear, joy
These I reveal as I stand on the shore;
Each wave will take a thought as a toy
To sea, to the deep, to live no more.
I find my peace by the mighty sea
Where my love and fear erupt from me.*

The Season

By BEVERLEY ROSENBAUM

*Each season is a new born child
In its own clever way,
A gift upon which God has smiled,
Growing from day to day.*

*As winter changes into spring,
So this child begins to grow.
Birds on the wing begin to sing,
Babbling brooks begin to flow.*

*The seasons always wither and die;
So does every living thing.
Do we understand just why,
God takes away the spring?*

To Be A Twin

By PRET ROPER

WHEN the title, "To Be A Twin," popped into my mind as a subject on which to write an essay, it immediately reminded me of a new popular musical hit, "To Be Alone." Upon comparing the two, I noticed the decided difference in the phrases. Certainly, the last thing one might say is that a twin is alone in this world. On occasions, I am sure it would be thoroughly delightful. That's one point in their favor. They always have each other.

Most people never notice twins, unless they are dressed alike, or are identical in appearance. Dressing twins alike certainly presents a problem to the unfortunate mother. When they are young, the situation isn't quite so complicated, as some adoring relative usually makes duplicate outfits for the dear cherubs. When they reach the age of thirteen or fourteen, especially if they happen to be girls, (and heaven forbid for the sake of father's bank roll) the trouble begins. Like an explosion from a double-barrel shotgun, their opinions as to what the well dressed teenager should wear have suddenly developed. No more does mother have to put on that worried expression over the fact that two like dresses cannot be made in the proper sizes. Of course, the clerk is always more than delighted to order a matching dress in the correct size, but to no avail. By the time the dress arrives two weeks later, the lucky twin has made an appearance in her's several times. This certainly takes the shine off sister's first appearance. Can you imagine anything more monotonous than having to wear an outfit exactly like

your sister's? This, of course, is the viewpoint of twins. Grandmother still insists that we are more appealing to the general public when dressed like pennies.

There is no truer saying than, "One must take all the bad with the good." Don't think that there aren't advantages in being a twin. From a philosophical standpoint, you learn to share at an early age. I won't attempt to number the licks that are traded before this realization comes about. It isn't always easy, even then.

When the fun begins, there's always twice as much to be had. Have you ever tried to pose as another person over the telephone. If you are a twin you've probably picked up the inflections of your sister's voice, and can have a devilish lot of fun. Sometimes it's rather risky, as one slip may give you away. I can't say that it is commendable or highly recommended, but I will say that it can prove tremendously interesting.

Parents aren't the only victims of twins. School teachers also receive their share of bewilderment and confusion. It's a shame that one way of calling the daily roll is by rows, as the teacher can always look in his little black book and find the correct name. No chance of answering for yourself and your twin.

Should anyone ask you if you'd like to be a twin, a sensible reply would be yes, and no. Having had a counterpart for almost eighteen years, the best definition I can give for the word twin is, "Double trouble!"

My Kind of Life

By OLIVER RUDY

*To sit beneath the knotted oak
Out there among the trees,
To feel the rain upon my face,
To feel the sun, the breeze,
To hear the warbling of the birds
Like piccolos and fife,
To talk to God through nature's charms—
That's my kind of life.*

*To walk along the river bank,
To swim that same swift stream,
To make a pillow out of moss,
Lay back my head and dream
Of days when I would roam the woods
And live by just my knife,
And watch the moon, the stars at night—
That's my kind of life.*

*To love the wondrous works of God,
To know his matchless grace,
To feel the heat upon my back
The rain against my face,
To live by God's great guiding plan
And shun all grief and strife,
And praise my Lord's great handiwork—
Yes, that's my kind of life.*

Treasure Hunt

By SKIPPY RICHARDS

*To Treasure Island I would like to sail,
That magic land so far across the sea,
To find a fortune fine and just for me.
I'd travel far and leave a well marked trail
On mountain peak, and sands, and pleasant vale,
And all those places I have longed to be;
I'd see rare plants and some exotic tree
Against a tropic sky in moonlight pale.
Now some may go and look for only gold;
Adventure may call others to the isle;
Though I'd like both, if I may be so bold,
I'd gain my fortune sailing mile by mile
Through foaming seas to places new and old
For memories and an oft repeated smile.*

Leisure Time

By NANCY WAMSLY

LEISURE TIME, what's that? If it's what I think it is, it's something that I have very little of. My idea of leisure time is free time that I can call my own, without worrying about homework, tests, losing weight, or any of the other little worries that daily occupy my thoughts. It seems to me that I either have leisure time that I don't know about or else I just loaf it away. That's the one thing in life that I'm pretty good at, loafing, but we're on the subject of leisure time now, so I'll try to keep to that.

There are times, not too often though, when all these little worries of mine get thrown overboard. I'm able to do this by simply saying, "To heck with it all." Then I follow these steps: (1) get ready for bed; (2) crawl into bed; (3) cut the light out; and (4) go to sleep.

That is not all I meant to say just then, but it looks as if sleep slipped in. Sleeping is the thing in life that I'm second best qualified for.

Well, now to get back to step (1) and leisure time. After I'm ready for bed, I get a little key, open my doll cabinet and, from the bottom shelf, make a selection as to which package of letters to take. There are about five different packages, each tied with a different colored ribbon and each containing about forty letters. Then, step (2), I crawl into bed and start reading my old *love letters*. I guess that's as good a name as any for them, because one or two of them still fascinate me.

The little key was mentioned because I have a grandmother who has a very bad

habit of reading other people's mail, especially mine. Previously I kept them in my desk, until I got wind that she was then making a selection each day in *her* leisure time as I do now. Why, I'll bet she waited for that letter each day as much as I did!

One day I left a mean little note thinking that would cure her, but it didn't faze her one bit, so I had to resort to the lock and key.

Now to get on with the reading of the letters. At first when I didn't know the boy very well, I'd read each letter over many times, never noticing the misspelled words, the incorrect punctuation, sentenc-ing and paragraphing. I simply swallowed each word. But now when I read the letters, it is more for enjoyment than for any other reason. I know it's unfair, but Joyce has as much fun reading them as I do, so sometimes when we both have leisure time we read them together.

These letters were and still are very enlightening for me, but there were some mighty stupid things said also. This is what entertains me most.

I forget from time to time the things that are said in these letters, but there is one thing that continually pops up in my mind. Just about every other letter contained the word "chance" and not once was it spelled correctly. The boy neither stuttered nor lisped, but always he wrote "chance" as "chanch".

Well, this *leisure time* is getting much too strenuous so I'll step (3), cut the light out and, step (4) go to sleep.

The Ageless Vendor

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

*Now autumn is an ageless vendor who
Will come, as days grow short and cold,
To sell to nature wares so bold,
Of gold and flaming red against the blue.*

*His tired breath he breathes for all to know
The chilly feelings as we talk,
As through freshly painted woods we stalk,
With new born hopes of fresh November snow.*

*But then, at last, the weary autumn's gone;
On slow and tired feet he goes,
He'd take his wares to lands he knows
Will greet him 'til another season's born.*

Good-bye

By OLIVER RUDY

*We leave thee now, oh aged halls,
But in our hearts we still hold dear
Each memory and each swift fled year
We lived within thy walls.*

*We must depart, old faithful friend,
But know that we shall ne'er forget
Our victories won, friendships so set
That time can't break or bend.*

*We move on now, thou palace grand,
We know sometimes we could not see
Why some things were and had to be,
But now we understand.*

*We're going now; yet with one cry
We leave this promise now with thee,
That you'll be proud; just wait and see.
But now, old friend, good-bye.*

Why Salesgirls Get Grey

By BEVERLEY ROSENBAUM

EVERYONE'S heard the saying, "The customer's always right," but have you ever put yourself in the place of the sales person waiting on you? If you have, you can readily see that there is hardly an ounce of truth to that saying.

Working in a military store, I have run across all types, shapes, and forms of customers; some of whom I should like to describe.

First we have Private Smith, who prices everything in the store, including paper bags. By the time you have followed this "inquisitive Joe" from one end of the store to the other, wondering which one of the items he will buy, you're ready to call it a day. But no! Private Smith isn't quite finished with you yet.

"Uh, Miss, would you mind taking that dresser set out of the window so I can get a better look at it?"

"Of course not, sir. I'll be glad to get it out for you."

After fighting down "the urge to kill", you climb into the window and proceed to get the dresser set. Of course it's over in the extreme corner of the window, and in order to get it, you must reach over two rows of jewelry. But do you mind? Of course not! Anything for a customer!

"Here you are, sir."

"How much is it, m'am?"

"Well, it's been reduced from twenty-five to fifteen dollars. That's tax included."

"Oh, well, I just wanted to see it. I guess I'll have to wait till pay-day."

And with that, Private Smith leaves.

Perhaps one of the most annoying customers there is, is the one who asks to try on everything he prices. This customer is also the shy type, and locks himself in the washroom when trying on a shirt.

Then too, there's the soldier who is just getting out of basic training. He's buying an overseas cap. Is he satisfied with the plain beige braided cap? No! He's got to have purple to match his eyes.



To top off a most nerve-racking day, in walks the tall Texan. He stops in front of the luggage and stares at it for a few minutes. Then, in his slow Texan drawl, he asks, "Have y'all got any luggage?"

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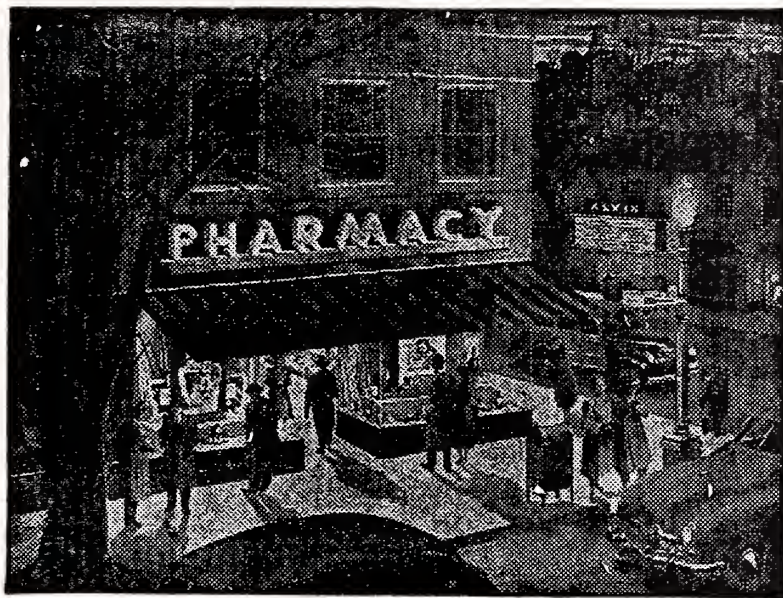
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